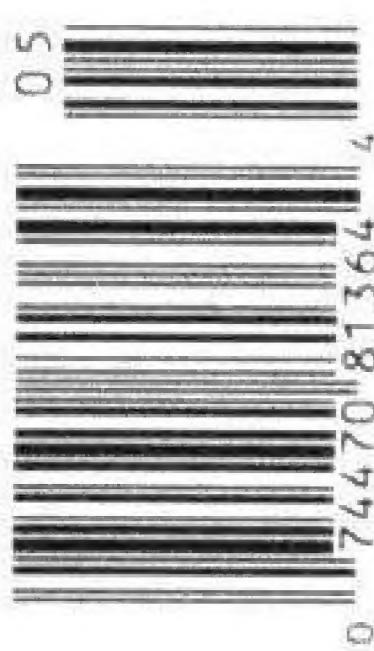


ANYTHING THAT MOVES



Issue #5
1993
\$6



Anything That Moves:

Beyond the Myths of Bisexuality

move (moov): 1. to advance, progress, or make progress. 2. to change place or position. 3. to take action. 4. to prompt, actuate or impel into action. 5. action toward an end; a step. 6. to set in motion; **STIR OR SHAKE.**

about our name...

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves," to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are purporting the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately chose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" *on our own terms*.

READ OUR LIPS: WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ON TO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals. All work is donated and no one receives a salary. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. It is published by the Bay Area Bisexual Network and reflects the integrity and inclusive nature of the BARN Statement of Purpose. **ATM** was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves—or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity. Monosexuality is a heterosexist dictate used to oppress homosexuals and to negate the validity of bisexuality.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that

bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we MUST be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross ALL sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality—including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality. There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the Bisexual Movement, by the **ATM** staff, or the BARN Board of Directors.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations.

This magazine is about **ANYTHING THAT MOVES:** that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves—**To Do It For Ourselves!**

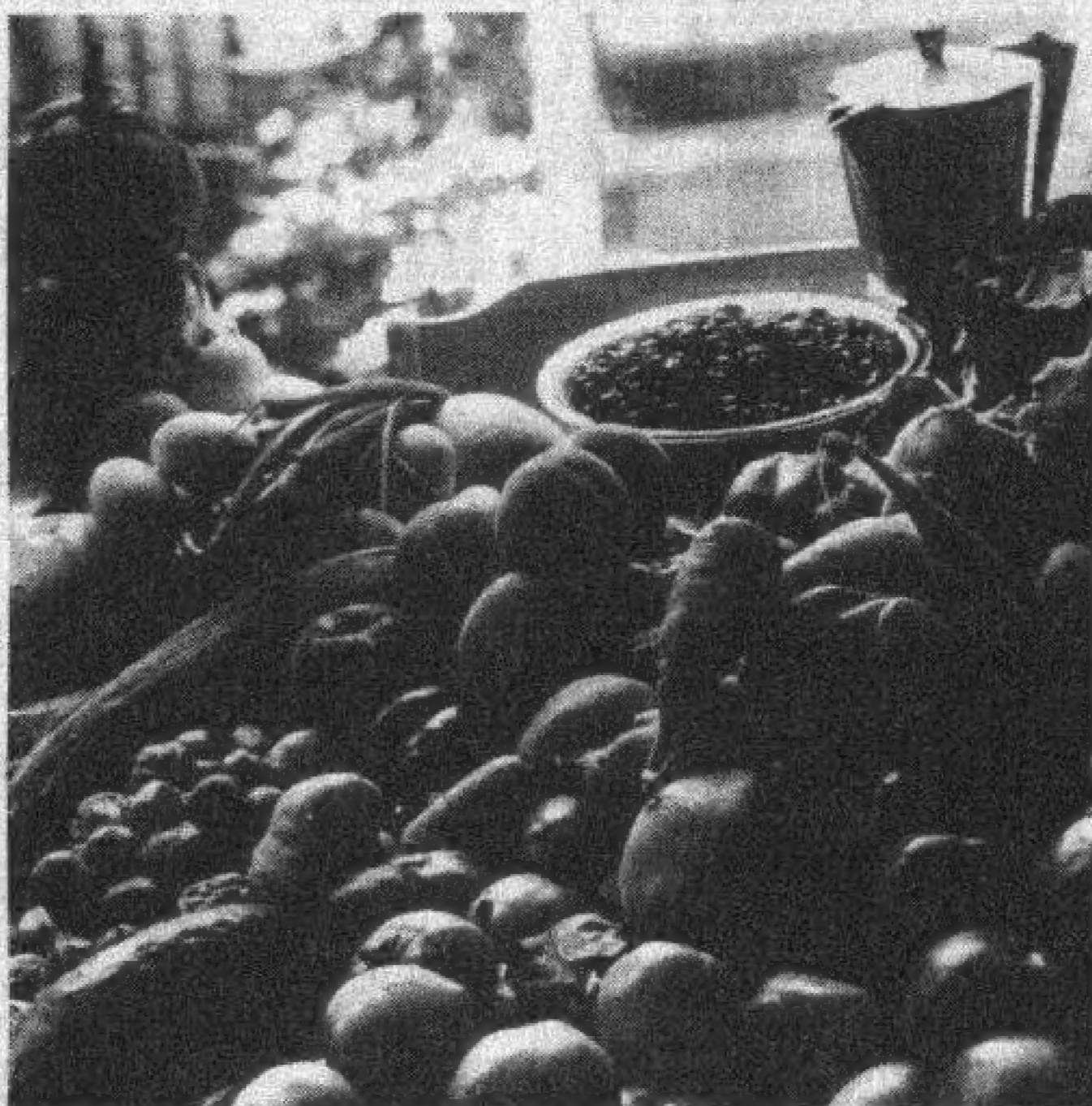
about BARN...

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BARN is coalescing the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources. We support relationships among people regardless of gender, which can include relating intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, sensually, and sexually. We support celibacy, monogamy, and non-monogamy as equally valid lifestyle choices. We support open expression of affection and touch among people without such expression necessarily having sexual implications. The BARN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression because of age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in areas of employment, housing, healthcare, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other individual freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.

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Joy of Sex



A GOURMENT GUIDE
TO LOVEMAKING
FOR THE NINETIES

DR. DISCOMFORT, M.D., PH.D., IUD

THAT MOVIE

BEYOND THE MYTHS OF BISEXUALITY

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Letters, cartoons, photographs and articles are encouraged & welcome for consideration. Guidelines available by sending SASE to BABN, 2401 California St., #24, SF, CA, 94115. BABN event & info line: (415) 560-BABN.

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The cover
photo and
all film strips
appearing on
the Feature
pages were
produced by
staff photog-
rapher Jaime
Smith

Letters...

Family Values ATM

I was so excited to see a copy of *Anything That Moves*. It is good to see that a bisexual, politically active magazine exists within the bounds of our anti-extremist pseudo culture.

I am involved in a polyfidelitous relationship with several of my friends, all of whom would be tingling with excitement at the chance to glance at your publication. Enclosed please find a check...for an annual prescript (oops, I'm a nurse) subscription.

From the Midwest bisexual contingent,
Lora, Jamie, Dave, Arlen,
Zoe, Joy, and Bruce

A Joke Is A Joke

In [Teresa Pearcey's article] "Sex-Positive Feminism Is Not An Oxymoron," [Issue #4, pg. 34] NOW President Patricia Ireland asserts that the old Mondale/Ferraro joke—"What will happen if Mondale is elected? We'll have three boobs in the White House!"—is an anti-woman joke; a joke that reduces women to their body parts.

"Again," Ireland elaborated, "[a case in which] a woman is getting too close to power and so immediately those men who felt threatened had to cut her down to size; put her in her place."

I remember the joke well. Non-sexist as I think I am, I got a real laugh out of it, anyway. To me, the joke was a

Open Forum

Into The Classroom And Into The Streets: A Midwestern Story...

When I proposed (unsuccessfully) to teach a Queer Studies course at the University of Iowa two years ago, I called the intended class "Lesbian and Gay Experiences in the U.S." As its title suggests, the course included no material on bisexuality, even though I had "come out" as a bisexual several years before. Academically, this absence was indicative of the dearth of bi-positive material readily available at the time, a shortage which is now gradually being alleviated. But, on a more personal level, the exclusion of bi experiences reflected my own inability to locate myself within established discourses, which have often assumed that bisexuality is a stage on the way to a lesbian/gay identity or a form of queer self-denial. A great deal has changed in my life since then. With the emergence of a budding national (although still largely bi-coastal) bi movement in the last two years, I have found the encouragement I needed to accept, and then to proudly proclaim, a bisexual identity. Whereas previously I had hesitated to include material on the experiences of bis, I am now planning to teach a course solely on bisexuality as part of the LesBiGay Studies Program that the University of Iowa Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Staff and Faculty Association (of which I am one of the coordinators) is seeking to establish.

Yet while the Staff and Faculty Association has been fairly bi-inclusive, not all organizations here are so open. I quickly discovered this fact when I joined the "Lesbian and Gay" Pride Month Committee last year and proposed including the word "bisexual" in the group's name and in the publicity for June Pride Month events. Even though these changes would better reflect the diversity within local queer communities, several lesbian members of the group were adamantly opposed to recognizing bisexuals because of "tradition"—ironically, invoking a concept that has continually been used against women, lesbians and gays, and people of color. The other main argument made against adding the word "bisexual" was an assertion that the names of both Pride Month events and the Committee itself would become too long. Once again, I felt that they were inadvertently employing the same type of logic that has historically been used to oppress people within queer communities. At one time, lesbians had to fight against charges made by some gay men that including the word "lesbian" in the names of our movements and organizations would be "too cumbersome." Since I was in charge of planning for the Pride rally, I decided to stay in the group, even though other people who felt that their issues weren't being addressed (a white working-class woman and the two

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political joke on Walter Mondale, not a sexist joke on Geraldine Ferraro.

It puts me in mind of an identical, earlier joke when Jimmy Carter was flubbing around with the Presidency, and Brother Billy was making his own ass of himself: "Who has the two biggest boobs in America? Miss Lillian!"

Clearly, that joke was on Jimmy and Billy, not on Miss Lillian or her body parts. It put the sons in their place, not Miss Lillian in hers.

Gene Barnett
California

Talk Sick Schlock

Dear Karla [the Managing Editor for those of you who didn't read the staff box]:

I was very moved by your editorial in Issue #4 ["Bowels Aren't The Only Thing Moving Around Here," pg. 9].

I'm "just" a reader out here in the boonies who experiences ATM as a breadth of Real air in an environment that is otherwise extremely TALK SICK...

I am so impressed with the excellence and aptness of the writing in ATM and the highly professional way you've put it all together.

It must be an incredible amount of work [it is], and to do so in the midst of such pain and loss in your personal life is incredibly HEROIC...

Thank you for your courage in getting this lifesaving masterpiece into print. I feel that soon I may

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find my voice and be moved to use it in ATM.

And I also just want to reach out to that wonderful, fierce, courageous spirit you carry around inside you, who has touched so many, who has touched me, by being O.U.T.

Your courage and the selfless gift you give by birthing ATM, with all your labor pains that go with it, moves me to tears of gratitude. I hope I get to meet you in person some day.

Jack Johnston
Ashland, Oregon

Ed. note: WOW!! My first fan letter! Being the arrogant egotist that I am, I couldn't help but print such a tribute. But I must confess that ATM is not a one-person operation and if it weren't for my dedicated staff and our contributing writers, I wouldn't be able to bask in such adoration. Thank You, Jack!

Anything But Geek

It was great to see the science fiction in ATM #4. I have enclosed a list of gay/lesbian/bi-oriented SF books put together by a local fan and activist Peter Larson, as a follow-up to those articles. I probably should also note that science fiction fandom and the queer community have had a fairly long history of association, "geeks" notwithstanding. But I had a few problems with the material, once I started reading.

As a long-time SF fan and bi activist, I was initially put off by the first line of Emerson St. Claire's

women of color on the Committee) left in disgust. In the end, it was agreed that I would read a carefully-worded statement at the rally proclaiming that bisexuals were a valuable part of the local queer community, but were still being excluded from both the Committee's name and most Pride Month publicity. Being the only bi in the group, I swallowed hard and accepted the compromise.

However, when it came time to begin organizing for Pride Month this year and none of the long-standing members of the group were taking the initiative (due, at least in part, to the charges of racism and classism, as well as biphobia, made against them the previous year), I decided to stage a bi coup. After consulting with local queer organizations, I sent out a call to plan a "Les/Gay/Bi" Pride Month. About a dozen people became actively involved, and even though I was still the only bisexual in the group and served as its de facto coordinator, there was no controversy about including bis or about my role. While a planned bi speaker for the rally fell through, a discussion on bisexuality was so successful that a group has been formed from it.

Still, I have no delusions that bi recognition is here to stay in Iowa City. The Pride Month Committee next year could just as easily vote to exclude bis again, and my course could always be turned down by the Program's advisory committee (which we are currently in the process of constituting). The fight continues!

Brett Beemyn
Iowa City, IA

Unresolved Dilemmas: A Bisexual's Journey

The opposite ends of the sexual spectrum would pull us apart if we let them. These tensions put an edge on our inner struggles; we come to know ourselves more intimately than if we were monosexual, and we realize that our lives are complicated not by accident or conscious design, but because we simply are bisexual. Unresolved dilemmas just come with the territory. It took me many years to learn that true happiness (or call it inner peace) comes not from arriving at a given destination; it's in the travelling, in the realization that you're making progress, moving from Point A to Point B with Point C looming on the horizon.

Growing up, I knew I was gay. But my first adult sexual experience was with a woman—and I liked it. Then I developed a sporadic relationship with a man. He had a body to die for and the sex was tremendous. Somewhere along the way I fell in love with a wonderful young woman who let me turn her on to the bliss of hetero sex. It was great. As the

continued next page

Letters...

intro (pg. 44): "Science Fiction—It's not just for geeks anymore!" It's a similar reaction to derogatory terms used against gays, lesbians, and bi people—"faggot," "homo," etc. I suspect that other SF fans will react the same way I did: nearly dismissing the whole section on the spot. I don't really care if [St. Claire] identifies as a "geek" or not; it's not a term that I would use for myself or any of the hundreds of wonderful, beautiful people I have known through science fiction.

Similarly, the first line in Kory Martin-Damon's article (pg. 44, "Where To Sci Fi?"), "For years now there has been little in science fiction that has been remotely daring," was the sort of blanket generalization that makes me suspect how much he has actually read. A quick glance at the list I have enclosed will show a range of "daring" work that has been published quite recently, related to sexuality alone. If [Martin-Damon] meant that there was a lot of formula-driven material being published, he'd probably be right; Sturgeon's Law still applies ("90% of SF is crud. Then again, 90% of everything is crud"). But that does not mean that there is no daring [SF] out there to be read.

Finally, "sci-fi" is a term that SF fans are not tremendously fond of. "Skiffy" is maybe a little better, but "SF" is the generally accepted term in science fiction fandom (and, for that matter, in the publishing industry—where you will find bi people quite frequently).

continued next page

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You might respond that this is quibbling, and that SF fans shouldn't get so upset; after all, it's just another genre literature ghetto, like Westerns or Mysteries. But doesn't that sound very much like the arguments used to trivialize bisexuality?

Victor Raymond
St. Paul, MN

(Ed. note: BABN has compiled a list of books, comic books, movies/video, zines, and other publications for, by, and about bisexuals/bisexuality or containing bi content. Thanks to Victor and Peter, the "Skiffy" section has been expanded. For a copy of the list, please send a legal-sized SASE to BABN, 2404 California St., #24, SF, CA, 94115 with a note stating that you want the book list.

Global Bifocal

Kiaora tatau katoa.

Congratulations on another wonderful issue of ATM Living in Aotearoa [New Zealand], it's always exciting to read about what's happening in the larger bi communities. Sometimes it leaves me feeling quite green with envy. But then again, I love the intimacy and strength of our local community.

First, I wish to skite and announce the existence of Aotearoa's first bisexual radio show—Bifocal. It's a bi-weekly [program that airs] at 8pm on Plains FM 96.9 featuring news, views, and music, of which we are very proud. Our local community also boasts a bi-monthly newsletter *Bifocal: Anything But Short Sighted*, as well as our core group, Bifocal. In

Open Forum

years came and went, I enjoyed relationships with other men and women, but was unattached until I met my Erika in 1982.

My feelings for her were so intense that I was certain I must be hetero after all. She became my wife and was my only sexual partner for nearly 10 years as I immersed myself in a conventional lifestyle. I was still attracted to men, but I treated it as an aberration. It took me a long time to realize that my wife, no matter how much I loved her, could not provide everything I wanted in a relationship. Worse, she could never accept my being anything other than hetero. I realized I needed a man—if only to talk to.

In September, 1991, I discovered the Seattle Bisexual Men's Union and met Brendan. To use his word, we "fused." He was my age to the month, and it was as if we had known each other for thousands of years. I had no idea I could get so into another man. And Brendan was equally into me. Neither one of us avoided using the "L" word. It was magic. But we agreed not to have sex, since I would not cheat on my wife.

We enjoyed shattering the stereotypes that bisexuals only connect for sex, or that two men can't really love each other. A mutual friend of ours later confided that we were his model for how two bisexual men should behave with each other. It was not exactly a comfortable position to be in, but Brendan and I decided it was okay for our friend to see in us something worth striving for. Had we not, after all, found something worth keeping?

But the complexities were a killer. Brendan and I wanted each other physically, but it seemed impossible. He knew about Erika and accepted my marriage as a natural part of my life, but Erika was unaware of Brendan. I'd go long weeks without seeing Brendan, our lives were so separate. That was no fun. When Brendan and I finally made love to each other, the experience was light years beyond our imaginations. We relished our sexual relationship for four months. I didn't like dealing with the guilt, but I figured the alternative was to lose my marriage, or Brendan, or both. Then my life's complexities kicked into overdrive.

Brendan met Rebecca and fell in love with her. Rebecca wanted him to be faithful to her and Brendan insisted that we abstain from sex at least until he could reassert his heterosexuality. It hurt, but who was I to say that my bisexual lover couldn't take time to rediscover the other half of his nature? Love means letting the other person BE. Besides, I still loved Erika and making love to her, even though she couldn't know the thoughts in the back of my mind. My future looks as convoluted as any soap opera. Rebecca knows about me and she wants to put a face on the man who figures so highly in her lover's life. Meeting her frightens me; I don't want her to see me as a threat.

Brendan and I love each other more now than

Letters...

our neck of the woods, the movement goes well.

But I didn't really write to skite, but [rather] to correct Elizabeth Reba Weise's article "Closer to Home" [Issue #4, pg. 32] which [stated] that her recently published anthology [Closer To Home: Bisexuality & Feminism] is the second bisexual anthology in the world. Alas, she fails to [include] the first, *Bisexual Lives* by Off Pink Collective [UK] in 1988. The bisexual movement is not unique to the U.S. Let's keep our history accurate and remember the international nature of our struggle.

Kia kaha, Heather Came for Bifocal, POB 1372 Otautahi, Aotearoa New Zealand

Marsh On Christian Soldiers!

You are being enslaved and are enslaving others by sacrificing your mind and heart for the sake of stimulating the genital organs.

Lies lead to death. Turn around now. Choose life.

In Jesus' name may the Destroyers work in your body cease.

Why get paid to die, when you can get life free?

With eternal love and pity, your friend,
The Swamp Vixen

Dear Swamp Vixen:

I agree: Lies DO lead to death. By the way, just how long has it been since your genital organs were stimulated?

With eternal love (making) and pity (that you're not sucking someone's titty instead of being shitty), your fornicating friend, The ANYTHING THAT MOVES Vixen

Anything That Moves

Letters...

Writers Ghettoized

I am writing in dismay due to the decision to ghettoize the contributions of Dajenya and Indigo Som by putting them on a page with the heading "Our Words...Our Voices: A Forum for Bisexual People of Color" (Issue #4, pg. 19). The adjoining page contains the obituary of Zawadi-Lazarus Garrett. All other authors of Fiction and Poetry were given their own listing [in the Table of Contents] in addition to being listed as contributors on page 2. Not so, with Dajenya and Indigo Som.

The effect of this layout is to show that **Anything that Moves** places a lesser value on the works of bisexual people of color. From your editorial [pg. 9], it is apparent that life has been challenging for you. I applaud your desire to move through your own shit. I wish you well with this effort and ask you not to unwittingly increase the shit that bisexual people of color face in our society.

Audrey Tucker
Philadelphia, PA

While I do appreciate having my poem "oppression" printed in issue #4 ["Our Voices...Our Words, A Forum for Bi People of Color," pg. 19], I must express my disappointment with how the poem was handled.

Being printed in the "People of Color Forum" instead of the "Fiction & Poetry" section meant that my name and poem were not given a separate (identifiable) listing in the Table of Contents as were all of the other poems in this issue. Why? If you have so few submissions from writers of color that you feel you must use each

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Letters...

we ever have, and he has told me we'll make love again—but I may choose not to. Still, how do you not have sex with a lover you know you're going to be connected with for the rest of your days? In posing the question, I realize I have travelled a great distance in the last year.

Peter MacKenzie
Seattle, WA

"Aunt Tessie" Isn't Lesbian Enough

Enclosed you will find a copy of a letter of rejection which I recently received from the lesbian journal **Common Lives, Lesbian Lives**. Please note that the story which I submitted was openly rejected because I acknowledged my identity as a lesbian-identified bisexual in my literary biography. The story was lesbian-oriented and had no male-oriented content. The editors made no comment on the caliber of the story, a criteria which I would think would be primary in the decision to reject or accept a paper. Indeed, I would understand such a rejection. What I do not accept is the strong undertones of biphobia that still runs rampant within the lesbian community and the open hostility towards bisexuals who refuse to remain within a gay-community closet.

As a consequence of their prejudicial rejection, I have decided to go public with their reaction, hoping that it brings the biphobia within our gay community more into the light. I also intend to immediately cancel my subscription, and urge any other bisexual or sympathetic lesbian women to do the same. The pocketbook is a wonderful organ of social change, even within our own community.

Marijo Readey
Illinois

From **Common Lives, Lesbian Lives**:

Dear Marijo:

Thank you for submitting your piece "Aunt Tessie" to **CL/LL**. The collective has decided not to publish it. **CL/LL** has a policy of accepting work from Lesbians but not bisexuals [use of upper and lower case letters are theirs].

Again, thank you, and we do appreciate your support.

Sincerely,
Louise Bucolo

one to fill your People of Color section, than why didn't you list my poem, name, and page number like you did for every other poet in the issue? Is my poem only for people of color to read? And only if they try very hard?

Which brings me to my second complaint. You superimposed my poem over a graphic...which obscured a number of my words and made my poem harder to read.

As you know, AfricanAmericanBisexualLesbianPoets do not have a great many avenues for visibility in the form of publication. To have this poem's visibility reduced once it was finally published, and by people whom I expect to be more sensitive around issues of invisibility, really hurt my heart.

Amends? How about a reprinting as a poem (rather than a "People of Color" submission) with visible inclusion in the Table of Contents?

Thank you for all the hard work you do and for hearing me now.

Sincerely,
Dajenya, Poet

(Ed. note: Dajenya and Indigo were recognized as ATM columnists so their names did not appear in the Table of Contents—only in the staff box under "Contributors," as were the names of the writers of regular, on-going columns. In other words, I screwed up. Although "Our Voices" is a regular column, the writers vary with each issue and deserve special recognition for their contributions. Dajenya's poem, "oppression," has been reprinted in this issue and can be found on page 10. It is the intent of ATM to feature writers of color and multicultural issues through a specific, on-going column as well as throughout the magazine. Dajenya, I am truly sorry for making you and other people of color feel invisible or excluded by my treatment of your words.)

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Letters...

A Boss Boss

I commend your publication! I think it's important that the world acknowledge that there are as many varied kinds of sexual behavior as there are individuals. Meaning, I think everyone should be able to discover and proclaim their own sexual identity. Before I read *ATM*, I denied myself because I was afraid of the word "bisexual." Now, I realize that it's not about myth, but rather, freedom. Thanks!

Now, I have something else to share—a story, if you will. I wanted to subscribe immediately upon reading issue #4. Yet, I put it off because I couldn't find the X-tra cash. My [subscription] was ready to be mailed with the exception of the check. Then, I accidentally left [it] at work. It had slipped under my desk. A week later, I filled in for my boss, discovering that he had found the letter on the floor. Well, it was back on my desk only now, attached to it was a paper clip [along] with the exact amount of money I needed. At the corner of the envelope was another paper clip securing a stamp.

This came as a surprise to me even though I'm the only one at work who knows that my boss is a [transvestite]. When he's not being The Building Engineer, he likes to dress in women's fashions. I'm going to share this magazine with him. I think it will be great!

Susan Marshall
Texas

Too Proud To Beg

Your magazine was given to me by a co-worker

Open Forum

bisexual women and men under attack: what do we do? ACT UP, FIGHT BACK!

the bisexual activist community must seize the moment and begin to address AIDS issues in a pro-active way. already, both the het community and the lesbigayristocracy are portraying us the OTHER as THE transmitters of AIDS. up until now, we have been comfortable with making statements about the ways of transmitting AIDS.

we have to begin to organize ourselves to use different tactics. for example, we have to point out how this combination of AIDSphobia and biphobia is being used to discredit and destroy our community. bisexuals are being constantly portrayed as knowing and intentional transmitters of AIDS. bisexual is being constructed in the discourse of the dominant culture to mean promiscuous, pathological killers: we knowingly "contaminate" the lesbian community and we have put the heterosexual world at risk. it is interesting to note that these two groups were supposed to be "protected" from AIDS. as this construction of the bisexual as the EVIL OTHER continues and intensifies, it will become more and more difficult for people to come out as bi.

this is all particularly problematic for bis of colour: we are just beginning to organize in our communities, to address the issues that surround the diversity of bisexualities that exist in our worlds. we are perceived as being even more dangerous, even more the incarnation of evil than are lesbians and gay men. this is all complicated by the fact that there are still very few visible "out" bis in our communities. so-called authorities on AIDS and human sexuality feel free to say that bisexuals are cowards, that there is no such thing as a bisexual activist, and that we are consciously spreading AIDS. in the communities of colour, bisexuals are being portrayed as dishonest people who are so obsessed with remaining closeted that they put other people at risk because they refuse to speak about their sexuality. we do not deny that there is some truth to this, but who are these bisexuals about whom these "specialists" are speaking? people who are behaviorally bisexual, but who do not identify as such? bisexual AIDS activists? this confusion is potentially lethal....

what happens to bis of colour will also happen to bis in the broader community. now is the time to begin to organize around AIDS as one of the major issues facing our communities. if we do not do it, we might not have any communities in the not-so-distant future. now is the time to break silence, to begin TALKING BACK and ACTING UP! we must advocate for AIDS education that is specifically oriented towards bisexual women and men. we must fight for the inclusion of bi-awareness in trainings for AIDS workers. we are fighting for our lives. STOP APARTHAIDS!

elias farajafe-jones / ambush/dc;
bi people of colour against aparthAIDS

Letters...

and I am thrilled that there is a publication that addresses this issue.

I avidly read the letter by Christine Beatty [Issue #4, "Open Forum, pg. 4] and the article by Naomi Tucker ["The Natural Next Step: Transgender In Our Movement," pg. 37].

I had a negative experience with a women's bisexual group which left a sour taste in my mouth and [with] a lot of questions regarding the authenticity of certain women's claim to be bisexual. In my particular case, I encountered so much hostility from one young dyke (whom I later discovered was not bi, but was trolling for fresh meat in bi women's groups) that I left with my self-respect intact.

It seems that many lesbians use bi women's groups as hunting grounds, having burnt themselves out in the lesbian community. Not all lesbians are man-haters and not all lesbians reject the validity of a transsexual's experience and identity, but enough of them do to make their presence felt. As I see it, it's these women with a hidden agenda that militate against transsexuals.

Another class of anti-transsexual are those transsexuals who have been so successful in the transformation, usually as the result of extensive plastic surgery, bone sculpting, and vocal chord surgery, that they are indistinguishable from other genetic females. Unfortunately, we know our own and very few can hide. In my case, I unwittingly compromised a transsexual who hangs out at a women's dance club in San Jose. I caused her a lot of pain, but then again she shouldn't be pretending to be other than what she is.

My personal philoso-

Letters...

phy is [that] if I am not accepted as I am, for what I am, then I don't need or want your companionship, friendship or body. I make no apologies; will not beg, plead, or implore you to accept me, nor will I try to sledgehammer my way into your heart or brain. I have no desire to sit down soul-to-soul with anybody who has their minds made up and [who] carry an ulterior motive.

As I see it there is something else going on in Seattle, with the bisexual women's network. In fact the whole concept of a gender-specific bisexual group has an oxymoronic quality about it. And a gender-hating person who calls herself bisexual, e.g., [Lenore] Norrgard, [Issue #3, "Seattle Settles Transsexual Issue, pg. 15] is not in my mind a bisexual, but a man-hating lesbian in bi-drag.

We transsexuals are outlaws. We call into question all kinds of myths and assumptions that some people clasp as a means of justifying their fears, anger, aversions, preferences, and identity. Nobody, especially Norrgard (even if she [were] a transsexual), can pass judgement on the motivations, background, attitudes and experience of transsexuals. For each of us is different; we can not be pigeon-holed. There is no common thread that runs between us except the process and the change and even [then] there exist differences...

...Norrgard's contention that transsexuals were socialized as men is as shallow as her mind. Further, it highlights in bold colors her own agenda as a monosexual and possibly, a man-hater. Most transsexuals were socialized at some point in their life as women and

Open Forum

A Commentary On Sex Acts

When is the act of lovemaking a homosexual act or a heterosexual act?

Gays often point out, in tabulating statistics, the fact of all those "married men" who engage in gay sex in clandestine settings, insinuating that these men are closeted gays; as if that part of these men's lives, those trysts in dark and not so darkened places, totally invalidate the rest of their present sexual lives.

I am not denying that closeted sexual experience exists for many, many people. But does that invalidate the other part of their sexual lives?

Does the act of two men engaged in anal intercourse with the man in the "active role" fantasizing a wet vagina throughout the act constitute a gay act? Is he straight or gay? Most gays would argue yes, that this is a gay act and the guy is gay. If that is the case, then a man having vaginal intercourse while fantasizing a hot, tight male ass would constitute a straight man engaged in a straight act. And yet—here too, my gay brothers would insist that this is a closeted gay person.

My point is that the act alone is not enough to bring in a verdict on a person's sexuality. As unwarranted as it is to have a verdict or label on sexual identity, at least let there be a broader look at the range of possibilities. I think as history changes and makes being gay and coming into one's gayness, even a modicum of a degree easier and less stigmatized, it will be more plausible for straight men and women to become more relaxed and open to the idea and experience of sexual preference as both predestined and [environmentally affected]. When this time comes, hopefully they can internalize more easily the concept of sexuality on a continuum. Their awareness will be not so much focused on forsaking exclusive heterosexuality for exclusive homosexual-ity, but rather towards a more balanced and realistic position on the Kinsey sexuality scale.

Men and women will look at the distance between totally straight (the zero at one end of the scale), and totally gay (the six on the other end) and feel very comfortable travelling a few numbers towards the middle. With validation from a more enlightened world and a more realistic approach to human sexuality, society as a whole can only broaden its perspective and learn to coexist in a more cooperative fashion. Perhaps then, (wo)man will be able to learn to love his fellow (wo)man.

Tobias Maxwell
Sacramento, CA

Letters...

that is why many have done what they have done; this includes myself and a number of [my] friends. I can also point to five non-transsexuals, gay and straight, [who] were also socialized as women. And what about the many women who were socialized as men, a number of lesbians I know come to mind, including a niece...

...Transsexuals come in all shades of preference. I, at first, considered myself a lesbian because my life experience at the hands of men was so debilitating and brutal that I truly hated (feared) men. I find myself changing and have found compassion, and even affection, for a few men. I have discovered that there are indeed some decent ones out there.

As an outlaw I expected to lead a somewhat lonely life (in the romantic sense) [and] it didn't take me long to realize that the lesbian community is sufficiently self-marginalized and entropic [enough] that I would not find the companion of quality that I need and desire. I have established a number of supporting friendships, but no romance. Unfortunately, transsexuals, per se, are not accepted into the lesbian community and [if] not outright rejected, are left on the periphery. The next logical step is to look to bisexual women, the assumption being that bisexuals are not gender-prejudiced, but we are beginning to see that such is not the case, and in fact, it appears that bisexual women have greater problems with transsexuals than lesbians. I have never been kicked out of a lesbian discussion group, although the Michigan Womyns Festival follows Norrgard's policy of excluding all but womyn

continued next page



Letters...

born womyn.

All of which brings me to the question: Are these exclusionary bi females really bi at all? Love and the capacity to love has no gender and respects no boundaries, so why do these women cloister themselves? Can the lesbian complaint that there are no bisexual women be true? Are these womyn merely closeted lesbians; lesbians in transition; men-haters that are enjoying heterosexual privilege, social status, and advantages?

For me, love and loving is a positive experience, impelled by positive emotions and attraction. The exclusionists exhibit negativity and aversion. Attitudes and mindsets which are not psychically healthy and with which I do not [wish] to associate. I say let them have their club, their unhealthy mental state and their entropic universe—I don't want them or their attitude. The world is full of lovely, loving people and if I learn to disassociate myself from this form of negativity I will continue to grow into a joyous, happy and free loving person.

Jennifer L. Farrar
Santa Cruz, CA

Benevolent Bi

Enclosed is a check [towards] a gift subscription [to ATM]. The birthday woman in question is my ex-lover and one hell of a wonderful person.

ATM is great. It continually challenges bi-phobia, teaches me, entertains me, and is a great read besides. Keep up the good work!

More Queer Love.
Lisa Clayton
San Francisco

Open Forum

oppression has no genitals
no skin color
oppression comes in every
size and shape
oppression wears a thousand
masks
and hides round every corner
sneaks into your house
lies in your bed
just when you thought
you were safe
oppression likes to disguise itself
as freedom
yells the loudest
hurls the first stone
while freedom sits quietly
no where else but
inside you

—written in 1987 by Dajenya, a self-defined bisexual lesbian as well as an African-American Jewish writer, single mother and psychology student. She lives with her two sons in Richmond, California—

A simple guide to getting published in ATM: Send in a concise bunch of inspiring words cleverly arranged to form thoughtful, complete sentences containing at least one noun and one verb and one punctuation mark of your choice that are written from the heart and not out of your ass. Political Correctness, use of hip slang, humility, or adoration for ATM obviously has little to do with getting published in ATM. It's all a matter of space, rhyme, reason, whim, fate, zen, est, buddha, destiny, and timing. Send submissions to: ATM, 2404 California St. #24, SF, CA 94115. Don't get upset if we cut rambling for length or because we like certain parts better than others, after all, it is OUR magazine. Keep in mind that we are all volunteers here at ATM with real jobs that pay the rent. For those who require domination or more structure in their lives, strict and painfully detailed submission guidelines are available by sending a SASE.

Letters...

(Thank you, Lisa! We should all be so lucky as to have at least one ex-lover as generous as you. For those of you who are, a gift subscription is the perfect holiday/birthday/solstice gift for the loves in your life, not to mention the gift of education for those who just don't get it and think you're screwed up—but you can't help it, you love 'em anyway.)

Dealing In Denver

I'm pretty sure that [this] letter...[is] hardly different from the many you receive weekly. Essentially, I have finally come to grips with the fact that I am bi. After months of being told by gay and straight friends that I must choose one or the other, I am at last to the point of [being able to say], "Hey, this is me, and I like to love both. Deal with it."

However "out" that sounds, I still have no idea of how to locate bi support groups in my area. Frankly, if I can't find an existing group, I'd like to start one for the Denver area. For the most part, I can survive with just the company of pure gays and straights. I have for years now, but I long for an opportunity to discuss things with people who have shared the experience.

Hal Hoglin
Arvada, Colorado

We highly recommend that anyone looking for bi groups, both nationally and internationally, get their hands on a copy of The International Directory of Bi Groups, published by the East Coast Bisexual Network. Ordering information can be found on page 60. For groups in the San Francisco Bay Area, see pages 60 & 61.



The Gadfly Bi

An Intentionally Annoying Column
To Stimulate Or Provoke
Thinking By Way Of Persistent
Irritating Criticism

By Emerson St. Claire

It's been over two years since I made good my escape from Sacramento and completed my pilgrimage to Queer Mecca By The Bay. When I arrived I was a twenty-three year old kid, my mind filled with visions of writing glory and hot, sticky male bodies parading in an endless procession of eroticism up and down the streets. Naive as it may sound I even expected to find support in actualizing the reality of my sexual orientation. I moved here because I wanted to live in a place where it was okay to be queer and where the men parade up and down the streets in hot, sticky eroticism.

The reality is that unless you are a womyn, have The Disease, are under eighteen or over thirty-five, say, then your official welcome to the Life can be something like this:

"Hi! I just came here from some festering cesspool of a hometown where merely saying I don't hate faggots is enough to have aspersions (not to mention large rocks, fists and baseball bats) cast upon your head. I was wondering where do I go to meet decent men." You look at the Mecca Welcome Wagon Transvestites. They stare at you. You stare at them. That gets boring so they speak...

"First of all, girlfriend, might I suggest that you burn all your clothes? Those won't do. They're not fashionable enough."

They begin to remove your clothing which you thought was so calculatedly well put together because you thought you had dressed better than most of the

straight men you ever knew added, multiplied and cubed.

"How should I dress?", you reply desperately.

"Well, you could go Leather, ModPrim, Castro Clone, Western, Preppie, Drag..." Your guide looks down into a satchel papered with stickers. "Here, read this. It'll help. And whatever your personal fashion statement is, make sure you're buffed." They hand you a small paperback book entitled *How to dress for Sexcess in San Francisco*, published by the Combined Clothes Retailers Association. You try to figure out how to come up with enough yen to pay for this clothing extravaganza when you barely have a paying job and the rents here are extreme. You sense a perpetration here, but what do you know? You're a rube and one that's getting distracted by the sight of your guides' four-and-a-half-minute-mile legs.

"Then what do I do?" you eagerly ask: your eyes filled with the stars that you can no longer see in the night sky because of the constant artificial light of the City and its world famous fog.

"Well, there are the Castro Bars, the Polk Street Bars, the SoMa club scene, the Leather bars, the I-Beam or..." Your tutor reaches into the bag again and comes up with another paperback book. This one is entitled *The San Francisco Bar Scene: How to Get Laid and Find a Lasting Forty-Eight Hour Romance on Just a Few Drinks Per Day*. It is published by the San Francisco Restaurant, Bar and Club Owners

Association. Another perpetration.

I'm really not good at bars and I hate the music. Are there any bars that play rock for men?" You've seen the ads for Female Trouble poking out from over, under and around all the other flyers on poles, unfortunately for you, you're not a female.

"Gay men don't rock," your instructor says while looking at you disapprovingly for suggesting that it might be any other way. "Are you one of those free thinkers?" You glance over your shoulder just to make sure that no one is sneaking up on you or targeting you for mortar fire.

"Yes. Sort of. Why?"

"Might I suggest you try some of the political action groups in town." Your new found friend tries hard not to sound like the waiter of a fancy Nob Hill restaurant that you've just asked to bring you grits, biscuits and gravy.

"Such as?" Didn't you move here to live in a city where even the weather was humane, liberal and tolerant. Of course you did.

"Queer Nation, ACT-UP, Not-Quite-So-Queer-Nation, Queer Nation Reformed or The First Church of Jesus Christ, Queer (Orthodox), or you could try the Queer Nation that will talk to ACT-UP, the Queer Nation that won't talk to ACT-UP, ACT-UP that doesn't-acknowledge-the-existence-of-Queer Nation-even-though-they-they-meet-in-the-same-room-of-the-Womyn's Building-just-minutes-apart." As if on cue your guide reaches into the voluminous bag and

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The Joy of Bi Sex and Fly-Fishing

By Karla Rossi

What follows is the complete section on bisexuality in the most recent edition of what is probably considered by the masses to be the Bible of sex, *The Joy of Sex*. I suggest you take a few moments before reading on to do whatever it is you do in stressful situations to lower your blood pressure—you're gonna need it, trust me:

All people are bisexual—that is to say, they are able to respond sexually to some extent towards people of either sex. Being 'homosexual' isn't a matter of having this kind of response, but usually of having some kind of turn-off towards the opposite sex which makes our same-sex response more evident or predominant; in some people homosexuality is closely analogous to left-handedness, and may have similar causes in brain function (which makes nonsense of talk about it being 'unnatural' or sinful). How far people act bisexually will depend on a great many things, including the society they live in, their opportunities, and how far the same-sex part of their response worries them.

Being actively bisexual makes problems in our society, not least with the other-sex partner on whom most of most peoples' most worthwhile sex life depends. It is difficult enough to have to make out with half the human race without trying to make out with the whole of it. Moreover, today, although bisexuality is not 'unnatural', as evidenced by the homosexual dreams all heterosexual people may occasionally have, and by what we know about primatology, a male who has been actively 'bisexual' in the last ten years poses an active threat to future partners because he may—especially if he had a homosexual experience in the USA—be an AIDS carrier.

Medicine is concerned about this group because, together with people who have injected drugs or been given intravenous blood products, they spread the HIV virus into the general sexual community (bisexual women don't present this risk unless they became infected incidentally, because AIDS rarely passes between lesbians; women far more readily respond to other women than men do overtly to men, because intimacy between women is socially acceptable, while anything looking like male-male affection has been tramped on with society's heaviest boots). Some "lesbians" are simply women who have given up on men after a lifetime spent kissing frogs who failed to turn into princes.

Although the homosexual community has responded rapidly and intelligently to the threat by altering its sexual behaviors, a high proportion in some areas are, tragically, already infected. In consequence the only safe male-male sexual activity is mutual masturbation. In threesomes and two-couple interactions, which are becoming commoner and less taboo, an infected man can infect not only the woman, but even more probably the other man as well if he has intercourse with the same partner immediately before him, since semen is the vehicle for infection. Overtly bisexual men are a high-risk group, and both they and their partners of either sex need to be aware of this and take defensive action. This is tough, but becoming a carrier of a lethal disease is tougher still.

—From *The New Joy of Sex*, written by Alex Comfort, M.B., D.Sc., Crown Publishers, New York, 1991

Since its debut in 1972, *The Joy of Sex* has become the definitive sex manual of mainstream society in this country. One cannot easily dismiss nor

deny the impact this publication has had on influencing sexual norms and human sexuality, or at least "happy sexuality in the lives of normal people," as stated in the book's preface.

It was quite by accident that I received a copy of the book in the mail. I had actually ordered *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, but once again the perfection of Universal Law was at work: Everything happens for a reason.

"Hmmmm...this might be fun too," I muttered to myself as I opened the package and grinned thinking that once again, "flexibility" has come in handy. And, although I have never read *The Joy of Sex*—I grew up in a house that was much too Catholic for that kind of "smut" under its roof—I had always assumed that by reputation, *The Joy of Sex* was a source of exhaustive, accurate sexual information, not to mention lots of titillating graphic pictures.

I quickly scanned the Table of Contents looking for the page numbers where I could find my favorite sex positions and excited with the prospect of perhaps learning something new. I thought it was quite odd that the chapters were labelled "Ingredients," "Appetizers," "Main Courses," "Sauces," etc. But being a being who equates good food with good sex, I brushed it off as nothing more than yet another author trying to be cute. I began to sense that trouble lay ahead, however, when I found "Bisexuality" in the "Health and Other Issues" section sandwiched in between "Obesity" and "Hazards." I also noticed that there was no listing of "Homosexuality."

To say I was shocked and furious after reading what the "learned" Dr. Comfort had to say about bisexuality is an understatement. Actually, if I was really honest I would have to say that I was not that surprised with what I read since experience has taught me that bi-/homo-/sex-phobia is a fact of life, but I am shocked, furious, and embarrassed that I, a self-identified bi feminist sex-positive advocate, have never taken the time to read the book while assuming its invaluable merit (the same woman who once

wore a button that said "assume nothing").

So here I sit with my anger and frustration and invisibility and think about how twisted life seems: A million queers are about to converge on Washington D.C. while there are 8 million copies of *The Joy of Sex* out there that insult bisexuals and ignore gays and lesbians completely; an "expert" who has no talent for writing whatsoever publishes a book full of misinformation that rakes in millions of dollars in royalties while queers, women, and people of color who are genuinely gifted writers with millions of words to share between them, have few publishing venues in which to be heard and fewer yet that are able to pay in cold, hard cash.

I begin to imagine what a book called *The Joy of Bi Sex* would contain. If it were up to me, it would have real pictures of real people with accompanying scratch 'n sniff sidebars, a genital cut-out section for those of us who like to mix and match, pop-up pages when 3-D is the only way it can be explained, would be thicker than *War and Peace* and slicker than KY Jelly.

My version would cover such topics as "Handy Sexual Tips One Learns Not From Biphobic Eggheads, But Only After Real Hands-on Experience," "Bisexuals Didn't Give You AIDS, The CIA, Reagan, And Bush Did," and "Sex With Women Is Very Different From Sex With Men And Usually Sex With Yourself Is The Smart Choice."

Alas, *The Joy of Bi Sex* is a mere fantasy at the moment. As I wrap up this editorial, my last for *ATM* as I am turning over the Managing Editorship with the publication of this issue, I think about how much more visible and valuable bisexuals have become within the lesbian & gay communities and yet how seemingly little we have gained in the big picture. Perhaps seeing the glass half empty instead of half full is just the result of a bad case of burn-out that is about to be rectified. On my way out I have one last thing to say: "Fuck you, Dr. Comfort, and I'm going fly-fishing!"

The Straight Poop

A Political Opinion Column

By Paul Smith

Men Folk

Sex with men has always been a radical act, no matter what sex you are. Did you ever notice that it's okay for two women to engage in sex on the Playboy channel, or as in the movie *Henry and June*, but that men sucking cock is nasty-pooch?

It is up to us, to all off us, to break down these territorial, health and religious imperatives about sex: sex is a key to revolution against all the oppression that manifest in our "private" lives. Nothing is private; that which is private (like sex, for example) is always based on that which is public. The sex movie in our head was produced by our parents, our teachers, our friends, our hairdressers, and our color analysts; we just take it and run with it.

It is up to bi men to get ourselves published and broadcast. Leer magazine published a positive article about bisexual women; when is a "straight" men's magazine going to come around? I mean, at some point we are going to have to make it okay to say: "This is how I'm wired," and to talk about sex between men. We also need to say as men that while there are all kinds of ways to get laid, Trust, Honest, and Love always lead to the best sex.

Introducing Blanche

Hey kids, I just got a letter from my friend Blanche! She reports she just had dinner with her friend Agnes. Paul-Bob says check it out:

Dear Paul,

Last week dearest Stanley was away on business so I had the opportunity to enjoy a wonderful meal with Agnes Del (of the Philadelphia Del family—investors, thespians, extortionists). Agnes is one of the most talented and

fascinating bi friends I have. She's positively famous for her carrot stew and talent for absolutely "wicked" tales.

I expected the evening's conversation to center around sex and politics. As the soup was served, the topic jumped to sex, Eros, and the lack of bisexual art, literature, and erotica. How about a decent bisexual travelogue?

I always wondered why Agnes doesn't submit tidbits of her memoirs to the queer rags on a regular basis. Wow! Now here's a biography that could charge a few batteries.

I proposed, "Agnes please, you are more than capable of submitting a chapter or two of steamy AC/DC material for the public's perusal. What's stopping you?"

Ms. Del pondered, then replied, "Well, I've tried to write my story, but I can't seem to get through the editing process. You see, in polite society, one never writes with one's hand full."

She then added, "Besides, I don't feel like being scrutinized by some Senate subcommittee or something."

She ordered another glass of wine, looked at me and said, "Don't be so naive; until things change we all have to watch out. Remember last month you told me about your only problem with safe sex?"

"Yes," I confessed, "my biggest complaint these days is the terrible taste of latex!"

Agnes jogged my memory. "And what was the solution?"

It took a moment, then I recalled, "Well, I think you said something like... 'Mint flavor doesn't cut it. When will one of those gentuses at the condom factory come up with one that tastes like penis?' ...which I think is a brilliant idea."

I agreed that it may be a
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BI WAY OF LONDON: The 1992 International Bi Conference

by ATM's World Correspondent, Matt Le Grant

The Second International Bisexual Conference, held on October 23-24 in London, England, drew 140 energetic attendees from a dozen countries. Although the great majority were from England and Scotland, participants from Germany, Netherlands, Australia, Belgium, Finland, New Zealand, Ireland, Italy, Switzerland, and the USA were also present. The conference was organized by the 2nd International Conference Collective, which was chaired by Ian Saxton.

The Conference began with an engaging "Bisexual UN", in which attendees from the various countries addressed the assembly to share each nation's latest news. Bisexual United Nations Robin Cackett, of Berlin, Germany had the biggest news with the announcement of a newly formed German National Bisexual Network. Eight groups from cities in the former West Germany were organizing the national network, including groups from Berlin, Hamburg, and Brandenburg (an active group in the former East Germany). A meeting of all German groups was set for next January. Most German Bi organizations are of a 'Support Group' nature; but many of their members are active in political efforts, including anti-fascist work to address the recent rise in that country's neo-nazism.

Other highlights of the international Bi scene included news from the Netherlands National Society of Bisexual Groups (which has published a quarterly magazine called *Bi News*

since 1985); the announcement that Australia now boasts a Western Australia bisexual newsletter and that the Helsinki Bisexual Group has been working to align with that City's Lesbian and Gay Center. In all, five Americans attended, including Fritz Klein of San Diego. Individuals from Italy and Ireland reported of finding no organized bi groups that they were aware of. Many in attendance expressed frustration that France had no organized bi groups (France get your act together!).

Several Britons and Scots updated the assembly on the United Kingdom's bi scene. *Bifrost*, the quarterly Newsletter of the UK was set to expand its size to a 32 page magazine (an announcement which was received with great applause). Off Pink publishing collective was set to issue a sequel to its earlier work with the publication of *Bisexual Lives II*. The sequel will feature more life stories with a wider gender and multi-cultural range.

Members of the London-based Bisexual Centre Collective (called BioSphere) was recently formed to secure a permanent building or facility as a base for bisexual activities. Their immediate objective is to establish international contacts to advertise the group's existence which is now incorporating as a non-profit trust. They are seeking donations and hope to learn from previous Lesbian and Gay Centers' mistakes to ensure success. The Center was not only intended to serve the local London bi community, but would serve other groups outside of London (and Britain) as well.

Every effort must have a goal, and the Biosphere's organizers directed our attention to the back of the hall where a model of the proposed center stood. The model, made of cardboard boxes and household objects, showed a six-story building complete with roof gardens, and separate floors for a movie theater, swimming pool and sauna, recreation hall and gym, assembly and meeting rooms, and administrative offices and counseling center. The model

was a big hit with the crowd, and button sales were brisk thereafter.

Conference Workshops Sessions included: Defining Sexuality, Transsexuality, Deaf Awareness, People of Colour Caucus, Politics of AIDS, Bisexuality and Feminism, International Networking, Massage, and a Women's Plenary. In addition, two American authors talked about their latest books: Fritz Klein on the upcoming second edition of his 1978 book, *The Bisexual Option*, and, from El Cerrito, California, Amity Pierce Buxton's new book *The Other Side of the Closet: The Coming Out Crisis for Straight Spouses*.

During the International Networking workshop the question was posed, "Do we need an International Network?". The dozen or so attendees, agreed that the answer for the present time was NO, but suggested that a system of international liaisons be designated for each bi group as contacts. Other ideas included putting the International Directory of Bisexual Groups (published by the East Coast Bisexual Network) on one of the computer networks. Several persons spoke of the important role that bi computer bulletin boards play for persons in areas with small or nonexistent bi groups.

Other highlights included: The People of Colour Caucus agreed to form a on-going London group. The largest turnout was for the Bisexuality and Feminism workshop, chaired by Lisa Geary, with 80 attendees. A recent 'chat show' (talk show in British terms) on bisexuality. Kilroy (Britain's Donahue) asked the mother of Edinburgh, Scotland's Kate Fearnley why she thought her daughter was bisexual. "Because she told me," she replied.

Closing comments and childcare complaints began the plenary along with a FAX transmission from John Farr the Executive Director of International Lesbian and Gay Association (ILGA). He sent wishes for a successful conference and a statement of solidarity. At the close of the Conference complaints

continued next page

Bisexuals Included in the March on Washington

by Laura M. Perez and Victor Raymond

From Bi Women, the newsletter of the Boston Bisexual Women's Network

We're here, we're queer, get used to it—as we claim our place as bisexuals in the gay and lesbian movement. The 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation on April 25 will prove to be an historic/herstoric event not only in bringing over one million people to this nation's capitol (to be the largest civil rights march ever) but also in being the first national queer march in the U.S. to include BISEXUALS in its title. This march is the opportunity that cannot be missed for any and all bisexuals because it will not pass us by again anytime soon.

The March on Washington will be a snap-shot of the state of queer liberation. Part of that snap-shot will include the bisexual community and our efforts to be recognized for our involvement in a larger struggle. While some day that it would be easier to seize the day under the guise of gay and lesbian rights, we will be marching as bisexuals, speaking out for our specific rights and freedoms along with those of our lesbian, gay and transgendered sisters, brothers and siblings. We are marching

because in Colorado, bisexuals were included in the hateful language of the law, along with gays and lesbians. We may have stemmed the tide of discrimination in Oregon, but that victory needs many more like it—victories that include bisexuals along with lesbians, gays and transgender people. These statewide struggles should make it clear to all of us that—whether we're bisexual, gay, lesbian or transgendered—they will try to burn us all anyway.

From the earliest days of gay liberation, bisexuals have been involved. We may have not been out about our bisexuality, but similar situations can be found in gays and lesbians who we now value as our allies, teachers, friends and lovers. The March on Washington gives us the chance to be out, loud, and proud as bisexuals, queer bisexuals who cannot, will not and do not want to change our queer identities. As bisexuals, we do not get half-bashed or only partly discriminated against, we don't lose half our children or half our jobs. As total, whole bisexual people, we are marching to stop biphobia, homophobia, and heterosexism.

Picture this: thousands of bisexuals from all over the country, all over the world, from all sorts of different communities, old and young; working class and monetarily wealthy; African Latina/o, Asian, indigenous and the unending rainbow of people of all colors; people with disabilities and able-bodied people; people living with HIV/AIDS; monogamous and non-monogamous; celibate and promiscuous; religious and atheist; womyn, men and transgender people. It may be out struggle for sexual freedom and liberation and their inherent links to sexism, racism, classism, ableism, ageism and all other isms, that unites us. We as a queer community will come

DC APRIL 25 '93

LET'S CHECK
BETWEEN
THE SHEETS
OF
CONGRESS

! HELMS?

together to clearly and beautifully reflect the range of peoples of the Americas and the world.

—Victor Raymond is a long-time bisexual activist in the Minneapolis/St. Paul community and a member of the Bisexual Connection and of the Rosebud Sioux Nation.

—Laura M. Perez is New England Regional Representative to MOW, a bisexual Latina from Boston, and a member of the Boston Bisexual Women's Network and Biversity Boston.

International...from page 16

regarding childcare (called 'creche' in England) were voiced. Rather than having paid childcare workers, conference organizers had relied on volunteers, but the effort fell short. In addition, the woman who was referred to as the childcare organizer told the assembly that she had never been contacted by the Conference Collective to be told of this role! Apologies were made but the mishandling of this issue was a sore spot for many.

The question as to the place and time for the THIRD International Conference was raised. Laura McDowell, of Washington D.C., said all were welcome to come on April 25th to The 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bi Equal Rights and Liberation and also attend the Association of MultiCultural Bisexual (AMBI)'s conference to be held on that same weekend. Also mentioned was a possible 1993 meeting in San Diego, as well as a conference during the 25th Anniversary of Stonewall, in New York City in June of 1994.



A 1993 March On Washington for Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Equal Rights and Liberation Speech

By Lani Kaahumanu

Aloha, my name is Lani Kaahumanu. I am a token, a symbol, a pioneer. Today there is no difference. I am the token out bisexual invited to speak. I am a symbol of how powerful the bisexual pride movement is and how far we have come. I am a pioneer, one of many in the national and international bisexual movement. I have been an out-of-the-closet activist for over 18 years.

I came here in 1979 for the March on Washington for Gay Rights. I returned in 1987 for the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, and wrote an article on bisexuality for the Civil Disobedience Handbook entitled, "Are we visible yet?" When I heard there was going to be a 1993 March I knew the time had come for bisexual rights to be recognized. I spearheaded a successful national campaign with activists from 12 cities across the country.

I stand here today on the stage of the 1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Equal Rights and Liberation. Bisexual activists organized on the local, regional and national levels to make this March a reality. Are bisexuals visible yet? Are bisexuals organized yet? Are bisexuals accountable yet? You bet your sweet ass we are! Bisexuals are here, we're queer, and we're not going back.

Bisexual pride speaks to the truth of behavior and identity. No simple either/or divisions. fluid-ambiguous—subversive, bisexual pride challenges both the heterosexual and the homosexual assumption. Society is based on the denial of diversity, on the

denial of complexity. Like multiculturalism, mixed-heritage and bi-racial relationships, both the bisexual and transgender movements expose and politicize the middle ground. Each show there is no separation; that each and everyone of us is part of a fluid social, sexual and gender dynamic. Each signals a change, a fundamental change in the way our society is organized.

Remember today. Remember we are family, and like a large extended family, we don't always agree, don't always see eye to eye. However, as a family under attack we must recognize the importance of what each and every one of us brings to our movement. There is strength in our numbers and diversity. We are every race, class, culture, age, ability, religion, gender identity and sexual orientation. Our visibility is a sign of revolt.

Recognition of bisexual orientation and transgender issues presents a challenge to assumptions not previously explored within the politics of gay liberation. What will it take for the lesbiangayristocracy to realize that bisexual, lesbian, transgender, and gay people are in this together, and together we can and will move the agenda forward.

But this will not happen until public recognition of our common issues is made, and a sincere effort to confront biphobia and transphobia is made by the established gay and lesbian leadership in this country. Who gains when we ostracize whole parts of our family? Who gains from exclusionary politics? Certainly not us.

Being treated as if I am less oppressed than thou is not only insulting, it feeds right in to the hands of the right wing fundamentalists who see all of us as queer. What is the difficulty in seeing how my struggle as a mixed race bisexual woman of color is intimately related to the bigger struggle for lesbian and gay rights, the rights of people of color and the rights of all women? This is not a competition. I will not play by rules that pit me against any oppressed group.

Has the lesbiangayristocracy bought so far into the either/or structure; invested so much in being the opposite of heterosexual that they cannot remove themselves; that they can't imagine being free of the whole oppressive heterosexist system that keeps us all down? Bisexual, gay, lesbian, and transgender people who are out of the closet, who are not passing for anything other than who and what we are have our necks and our lives on the line. Our visibility is a sign of revolt.

Bisexuals are here to challenge the bigots who have denied lesbian, gay and bisexual people basic civil rights in Colorado. Yes, Amendment 2 includes bisexual orientation. Yes, the religious right recognizes bisexuals as a threat to "so called" family values.

Bisexuals are here to protest the military ban against lesbians, gays and bisexuals. Yes, the Department of Defense defines bisexuals separately as a reason to be dishonorably discharged.

And yes, out bisexuals are not allowed to be foster or adoptive parents, and yes, we lose our jobs, our children, get beaten and killed for loving women and for loving men. Bisexuals are queer, just as queer as queer can be.

What happens to the Kinsey "1 in every 10 people is gay" equation when you add bisexual and transgender people? What happens to those numbers? Are we one in every four? Perhaps one in every three? You decide how large our extended family is, you decide.

Each of us here today represents many people who could not make the trip. Our civil rights and liberation movement has reached critical mass. Remember today. Remember that we are more powerful than all the hate, ignorance and violence directed at us. Remember what a profound difference our visibility makes upon the world in which we live. The momentum of this day can carry us well into the 21st century if we come out wherever and whenever we can. Our visibility is an act of resistance. Remember assimilation is a lie. It is spiritual

continued on page 36

A Late Lourea Lexicon

by Jim Frazin

activist
animals
author
bi
childlike
crucible
David
excessive
explorer
flu, lingering
generous
G_d
jew
kibbutznik

kids
leather
legendary
monster
multi-dimensional
november 10th, 1992
orthodox
Peter
safe word
scholar
sfsi
tikun olam

photo by Efrain Gonzalez



Of this one deceased, some will say it's lame to claim all sorts of lofty adjectives and superlatives describing his time on the planet.

I am not ashamed to claim a grief and shattered absence for a man I knew only from afar. These words (mine and others who cherished him upclose) cannot define the vacuum where his life was but give a rough sketch, a schematic of feelings and too precious sentiment

I volunteered to hand out Bisexual information at the April, 1989 Gay and Lesbian Health Conference. I went to the Cathedral Hill Hotel early on a Saturday morning and I met this short, dark guy in a leather jacket with a mustache who showed me where the Bi materials were and where I should be to hand out the stuff. (He told me that there were no topic groups at this conference on bisexuality and that he was pissed.)

Later in 1989, there was a meeting at my house. We were planning the '90 Bi Conference. I was told that David Lourea might be coming to the meeting (he had been sick). This short, dark guy in the leather jacket with the mustache and wicked grin appeared again. The only thing I remember about that meeting was that he told me that he wanted to talk to me about Jewish/Bi stuff.

In June of 1990 at the 1990 Bi Conference, I walked into the Jewish Heritage, Bisexual Identity workshop (late) and felt like I had come home (in the same way that many Jews feel like they are home at last when they first step foot in Israel.) David and Arlene were there (and others) and it didn't really matter what they said. What mattered (to me) was that at least 10% of the registrants at the conference (were Jews and) were in that room.

There were Hanukkah parties, meetings, puppies, a Mustang convertible, the "Auntie Margo and Uncle Bruce" ATM health column, and rumors that his health was failing. In July of '92, I called and asked if I could visit with him. I ostensibly wanted to give him a report on the Jewish Bi Caucus (of BiPOL) that several of us had formed in late '90. Yes, David, there are lots of Bisexual Jews, more than one could predict on the basis of percentages or common sociological understandings. And, yes, David, we are so queer and so beautiful and still figuring out how to love to be together. Thanks for the space.

Sitting in a cafe in the Mission with Lani, I burst into tears as soon as Lani mentions David's name.

MULTIKULTI FEMINIST BIS NO MORE?

by elias farajaje-jones

alliance of multicultural bisexuals united to stop heterosexism, homophobia, hiv, homelessness, hatred, hate crimes, helms.../dc
and moving violations: a bi men of colour collective

one of the most important elements in my coming out as a queer-identified bi activist a year ago was the fact that i found out about the existence of a MULTICULTURAL, FEMINIST bisexual network. there were plenty of other bisexual groups, but this was the only one that made my heart thrill, made me feel that at last i was at home. as a queer of colour, writer/cultural critic and aids guerrilla, the mere existence of the name made me feel that this was a movement to which i would want to dedicate my energies. for me, the very name was a strong challenge in dealing with DIFFERENCE/alterity. it made me proud to be a bi activist, especially at a time in which some ACT UP and QUEER NATION groups were falling apart because of tensions around issues of diversity and inclusion. i felt that bis were in the forefront of a movement that was affirming and recognizing relations of difference, of showing how there can be no real unity without a respect for, and recognition of, diversity. this is something that has always been of radical importance to us bis. we are different and claim the

right to our difference as it relates to hets and lesbigayz.

culture does not refer exclusively to race or ethnicity. who decided anyway that multiculturalism referred only to race? this is an extension of the heteropatriarchal understanding of multiculturalism as merely sprinkling some different colours onto an already-existing gigantic white sheet; no question here of re-organizing the project; of discarding the white sheet and making an object in which all of the various colours and shapes would be on equal footing; of saying that monoculturalism (reflecting the DOMINANT culture) does not work. this is a very dangerous and limited understanding of multiculturalism, for it is the perception presented by the heteropatriarchy either to discredit multiculturalism and diversity or to trivialize it. in this way, the heteropatriarchy can appear to embrace it without having to have its very foundations challenged. don't you see the parallels with the ways in which the lesbigayristocracy rejects or trivializes bisexuality? if you don't, try to think about them as

you move through this.

i became deeply enraged when i read the remarks in atm from the group in los angeles explaining their change of name [Issue #4, Open Forum, "Net Over L.A." pg. 5]: "In keeping with the recent name change of the national bisexual network, we have changed the name of our [Southern California bisexual network] to Bi-Net LA. According to Bi-Net USA, 'saying "multicultural" is generally an effort to increase an awareness of our racial diversity. But the effort to be inclusive by listing "multicultural" in our name actually has the implicit effect of being exclusive by listing only one part of our community and no others, and implies a prioritizing of racial oppression over other oppressions.' Of course, we are still open to and strongly encourage all races to join our group."

as a person of colour, not only does this rationalization not make any sense to me, i find it profoundly oppressive and disgusting. it sounds just like an even more frightening way of saying what the DOMINANT CULTURE has always told us: there are some of us in power and



we will decide to create things in a way that will reflect our reality (as we choose to construct it) and our reality alone.

Was the national network aware of the fact that it could be perceived as setting a trend by dropping "multicultural" from the title of the network? I have never understood the use of the term "multicultural" as being used solely to increase awareness of racial diversity, as though the very use of the term would make things racially/ethnically diverse. If anything, it stands as a signpost to remind people that we DO live in relations of alterity. Furthermore, I do not understand how my sisters and brothers in L.A. could say that the term itself is exclusive.

Perhaps people's understanding of it is limited and can account for why some perceive it as a reference to race—and race alone. Who decreed that using the term "multicultural" placed racial oppression over other oppressions? As a person of colour, I would not feel welcome in a group that wants to drop multicultural from its name, seems to be unwilling to analyze or understand why some people place a certain emphasis on racial oppression, and then says "of course, we are still open to and strongly encourage all races to join our group." I would not want to join such a group.

Multiculturalism is about different cultures: hearing-challenged culture; AIDS culture; physically-challenged culture; women's culture; BI culture; queer culture; transgender culture (this list is not meant to be exhaustive). Who is trying to create a hierarchy of oppressions? Multiculturalism IN THE TRUE SENSE (not as it is being marketed in the USA) is an attempt to acknowledge DIFFERENCE; to call us to live in relations of difference; overcoming the fear of the OTHER.

The use of the term "multicultural" in the title of the national BI network serves as a constant reminder of what our goal should be: unity in diversity; acknowledgement and affirmation of difference. These are all things which we BI activists are always

screaming for in the courts of the lesbigayristocracy. Why can we not advocate for them in our own community? We can militate for the inclusion of BI in the name of every organization imaginable or known to humankind, yet we find convoluted and detailed reasons for dropping MULTICULTURAL from our very own names. We know how we feel when we hear time and time again the reasons for not including BI in titles and we know how we respond. Can we not look carefully at how we ARE, in fact, being EXCLUSIVE when we drop MULTICULTURAL from our names?

Are white people/hearing people/white men/HIV negative people, etc. made to feel so uncomfortable by being reminded that they are not the only people in the world that they will intentionally omit anything that would point to greater diversity? Are white people still not willing to face the fact that there is something very primal about racial oppression in this country that needs to be addressed, especially as we attempt to build a grassroots, feminist BI movement? Can we ignore the fact that most of what we know about organizing has come from the civil rights and labour movements? Or that the feminist and lesbigay movements in this country were directly inspired by the struggle against homegrown apartheid?

Many of us live, love, create, laugh, and struggle while living at the intersection of many different forms of oppression. There are situations in which I am oppressed for being queer, others in which I am oppressed because I am of Afrikan descent, yet still others in which the oppression comes because I am a Spanish-speaking Tsalagi (Cherokee), and there are those countless situations where I am oppressed for being all of those things; where I am marginalized by the dominant culture just because I exist. I do not have the luxury of dealing with just one form of oppression at a time, nor do I spend my time prioritizing my oppressions.

Nevertheless, what I do have to do is to constantly make a

checklist of my privilege in any given situation and see what I can do about it.

HETEROPATRIARCHY is the enemy here, not the word "multicultural." If we look honestly at the interconnectedness of oppressions, we always come back to the HETEROPATRIARCHAL source. (That is also why we must rapidly address the question of how feminist/womanist/mujerista thought and action are to be an integral part of our movement).

I cannot belong to, or support, ANY organization that removes multicultural from its name, no matter how noble the reasons for doing so might appear in an era of rising fascism and in which mediocrity is being exalted. I fear that the absence of intentionality about being multicultural can be interpreted as a sign that "we're really just all the same and THOSE people need to get over themselves."

For me, multiculturalism and bisexuality are inextricably bound together. They are both rooted in challenging monodimensional structures of thinking and acting (monoculturalism and monosexuality). If we neglect the multicultural aspect, in its broadest definition, we will soon fall into the complacency of the lesbigayristocracy. What will we do when we are accused of not being willing to intentionally include? A LUTA CONTINUA!

feast

you were the one
who turned me on
to plums/shiny Black Friars

night-sky skin absorbing all light
into supple juicy flesh

how can I describe the
color of that sweetness
we bite slowly/deliciously

all wk I find my eyes looking/at
that plumstain hickey in the mirror

—written by Indigo Som, 1990



our world

by John Rosin

We're baaaaaack! No, not Ross's *Perotistas* (well, them too, I guess), but the informants of the bi community's who, what, where, when, why, and (most importantly) how, bringing you up to date since the last issue.

First, some good news for Bi Californians: California became (embarrassingly enough, the seventh, behind Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Hawaii, Connecticut, Vermont, and New Jersey) state in the union to guarantee us the right to work with the enactment into law of Assembly Bill 2601 early in October. Our hats off to **Pierre Dufour** for his tireless organizing up and down the state of business support for the bill. All of the rabblerousing following our governor's spineless (or is limpwristed the word I am looking for?) veto of Assembly Bill 101 (see "Our World," **Anything That Moves**, Issue #4) seems to have paid off!

Not to be caught lying down on the job, we went "presidential" this fall with **Bill Beaseley**'s organization of a large-scale fundraiser for the

Clinton/
Gore
ticket, held
October 19
at Thunder



Bay in Berkeley (in the fabulous East Bay). All of the "Bi's for Bill" troopers pitched in to make this something we could all get excited about and be proud of. (Was that Dan Quayle in attendance as well, accompanied by George Bush wearing the "I'm With Stupid -->" t-shirt?)

Every Picture Tells a Story ...



How It Ends Is Up To You!

Landers' unfortunate quarterly trashing) BUT CNN came all the way to The Village Deli on Castro Street one Monday night in September to tape Bi-Friendly in action! After a few personal interviews, they came to see what we're really all about, beyond the myths and all.

Robin Dolan, newly relocated to Noe Valley in residence with Valerie Stone and Martha Whitman, has assumed the tradition of successful execution of the B.A.B.N. forums. A most noteworthy successful forum was orchestrated (and massively publicized) by Marin County's Larry Ersland, well-attended by throngs who wanted to hear "Straight Talk About Bi's," culminating in some very heartwarming and honest talk by people living in the straight community who were coming to terms with their own complexities.

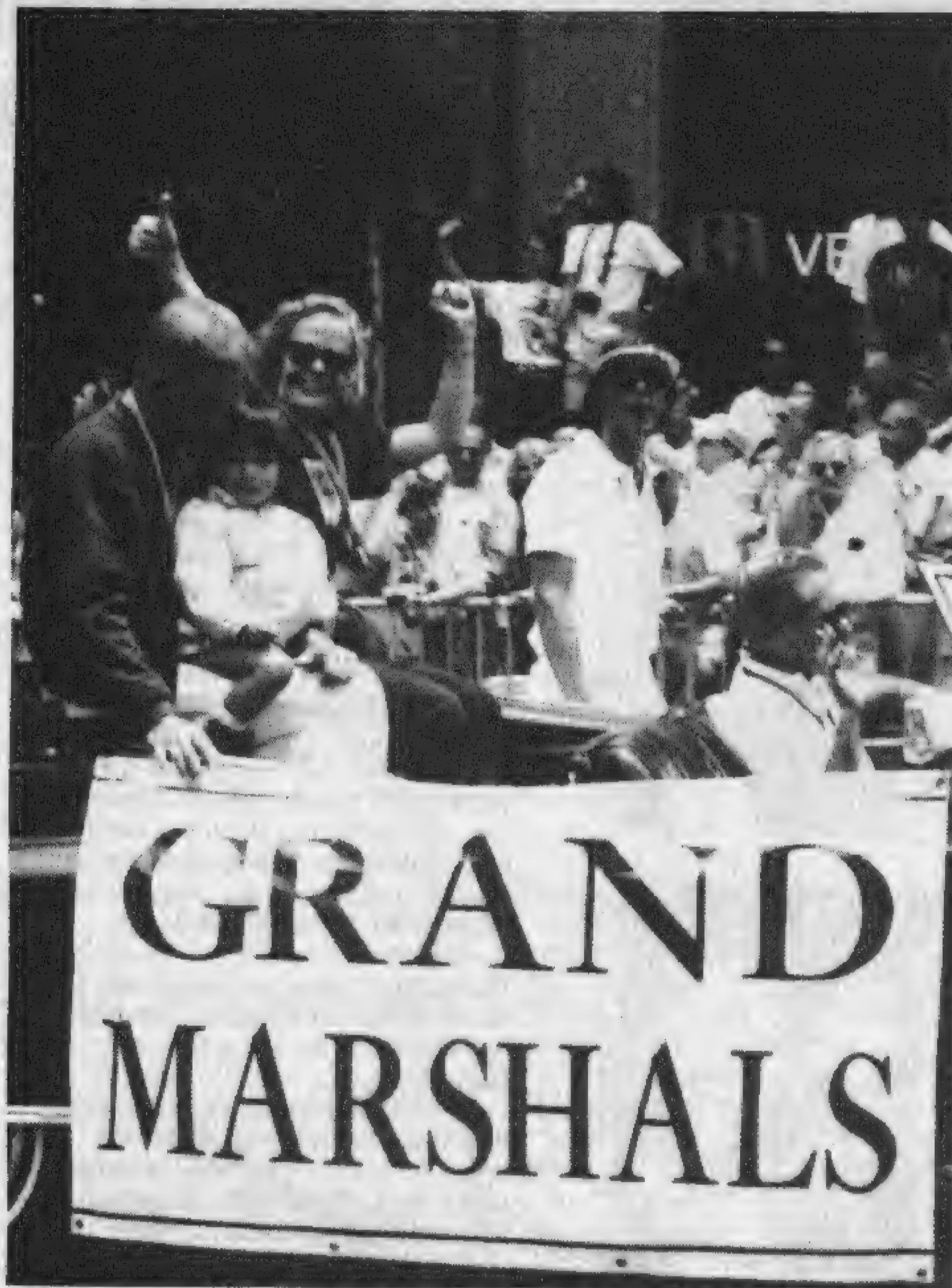
On the more convivial side, Matt LeGrant threw a cross-dressing party at his beautiful new Oakland home which was attended by men dressed as women who cross-dressed as man, women dressed as men who cross-dressed as women, and all of the permutations and combinations in between. Prizes were awarded to the most convincing cross-dressers.

CNN does seem to be taking a closer look at us lately (is it Jane Fonda's influence on Ted Turner?): they announced on national television on parade day last June that "For the first time, a bisexual woman was chosen as Grand Marshall!" That was, of course, our own Maggi Rubenstein, sitting proud and tall next to co-marshall Don Johnson in a magenta convertible with fins riding all the way down Market Street. Chris Gates and I had the honor to march with the Grand Marshall contingent as monitors (or escorts, if you prefer).

The night before the parade, B.A.B.N. and BiPol cosponsored "Dancing Is The First Step to Marching," an overwhelmingly well-attended dinner dance held in the Forest Hill district of San Francisco. (No, we won't what fabulous relationships were engendered that evening, but don't think we didn't notice!) A buffet that stretched as far as the eye could see (and as fast as Annie Iverson could help dish it out) and everyone's favorite dance music (including "We Are Family") put everyone in the mood for the weekend we all wait for every year.

If you happen to be traipsing around downtown San Francisco, take the time to go a little out of your way up Nob Hill to The Gate, at the corner of Pine and Jones. The Gate is a gay bar which has just reopened its restaurant featuring a variety of affordable entrees. A few people (including San Francisco Sex Information organizer Margo Rila) got together to surprise Maggi (Rubenstein) for her birthday at the end of September, joined by honored lesbian activists Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin, founders of the Daughters of Bilitis and also of the Lyon-Martin Women's Health Center. Lani Kaahumanu has joined the Center as part of a task force promoting safe sex in a sex positive environment.

So, we hope to see you all in Washington (and if you play your cards right, maybe you can still negotiate free checking at B.C.C.I.)!



Neither In the Closet, Nor Out

by (Pen Name) J. Randolph Terwilliger

I'm neither in the closet, nor out, about my bisexuality. I don't make a big point of it, or take up causes in behalf of it, or openly flaunt it. But neither do I lie about it. If someone asks me directly, I tell them directly.

If they don't ask, I may share it anyway. My wife knows, my kids don't. I'd tell my kids if there was a reason to, but so far there hasn't been. One of my secretaries knows, the other doesn't.

It's like this: Suppose my child had a birth defect, say a cleft palette, but the defect didn't personally shame or embarrass me. Suppose more, that I went to a job interview in aerospace and was introduced to my prospective supervisor. Would I walk up, shake his hand, and say something like: "Good morning Mr. Supervisor. And oh, by the way, my child has a cleft palette!"? Probably not.

Six months later, if someone asked Mr Supervisor, "Did you know that Mr. Terwilliger's child has a cleft palette?", and he said, "No, I didn't know that," my question is this: Would the fact that Mr. Supervisor didn't know my child had a cleft palette mean, in and of itself, that I was *in the closet* about the cleft palette? Of course not.

Likewise, six months later if someone asked him, "Did you know that Mr. Terwilliger was bisexual?" and he said, "No, I didn't know that," would the fact that he didn't know about my bisexuality mean, in and of itself, that I was *in the closet* about my bisexuality? Of course not.

No Lisp, No Limp Wrist

Does the fact that I seem straight to people who don't know — that I don't stereotypically lisp, limp my wrist, eye the mailboy's butt as he walks down the hall, wear one earring in whichever ear

is supposed to mean something, or congregate with people who do/ does any of that, in and of itself, mean that I'm in the closet about my bisexuality? Of course not. My mannerisms are stereotypically "straight" only because my mannerisms are whatever they happen to be, not from hiding this truth about myself.

The bottom line is this: My bisexuality just isn't that big a deal; I'm neither aggressively open on the one hand, nor hidden in the closet on the other. If one asked me to characterize myself (and someone *did*, which I'll come to), I'd say I was basically a heterosexual, with bisexual tendencies. But, for me, the bisexual part is more a hobby than a *personae* or a lifestyle.

Twenty Years in Aerospace

I chose the aerospace example because I once *was* an aerospace engineer. For 20 years I held many "sensitive" security clearances and worked on many scientific and military satellite programs, launches, and command and control centers.

As happens in aerospace, one day a Government Security Nerd came for my five-year security update and asked me mega-questions about who I lived with and did I live with this person openly or secretly (With my girlfriend, quite openly.) What foreign trips had I taken? (Many.) Which countries did I visit? (Many, all non-Communist.) Did I clear all trips with Security before I went? (Yes.) Had I befriended any Commies, commie sympathizers, or other subversive-types? (No.)

Did any attractive dark-eyed women seek me out and try to compromise me? (No, unfortunately!)

Who were my friends? Could the Government see my bank



records to verify that I wasn't in debt and vulnerable to easy money from the Rooskies? (Yes.) Could they ask my shrink if I was mentally unstable? (Yes.) Recalling Christopher Boyce, had I ever tossed any mailbags over the Russian Embassy wall in Mexico City? (No.)

Satisfied that I was a straight shooter, Nerd packed up and was leaving when he unsuspectingly asked one more *pro forma* question that exploded his whole self-satisfied demeanor for concluding a successful update: "Well, Mr. Terwilliger, is there anything else the Government should know?" Me: "Like what?" Nerd: "Oh, like drugs, or gambling or homosexuality, or...."

Let's listen in from that point on, shall we?...

"Legally, are you allowed to ask personal lifestyle questions?" I asked.

"I'm allowed to ask, and you're allowed to not answer," responded Nerd.

"Well, you've asked, and I'll answer. The answer is 'Yes'."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, homosexuality."

You shoulda seen the look on Security Nerd's face. He'd found a Real One! (Perhaps his Very First, I later surmised.) He had to sit down, regain himself and explore this juicy new information.

Getting a Grip

Stammering and uh'ing and er'ing, he tried to get a grip on himself. When was the last time I'd had a homosexual encounter? (Three months ago.) When was the first? (Ten years ago.) Did I go to gay bars? (No.) Did I pick guys up, or did they pick me up? (Neither.)

Nerd's hitting stride now. Where did I meet men? (At porno bookstores.) Did I take them home with me? (No.) Did I kiss men on the lips? (No.) Anal sex? (No.) Well, what did I do, for goodness' sake? (I hang it through glory holes.) What does that mean?

I describe glory holes and how I put my weenie through and let the other fellow do interesting things to it.

Do they? (Yes.) Do they drop theirs through to you? (Yes.) Do you do anything with theirs? (Of course.) What? (I fill in a few details) Do they ejaculate? (Usually.) Where?

One comes to think The Nerd

might have more than a mere technical interest in this subject, eh?

After more who-does-what-to-whom (and is it *really* good?), we pick up the conversation again...

"Mr. Terwilliger, would you call yourself a *homosexual*?"

"No, not really."

"You certainly wouldn't call yourself a *heterosexual*, would you?"

"I guess not."

"How would you describe yourself?"

"I'd describe myself as heterosexual, with a hobby!"

"Huh?"

"That's right. Some people collect stamps, some go to operas, I go to Glory Holes."

"I can't put down 'heterosexual with a hobby'."

"Why not? Let's see the form."

He showed me the form. "Write 'Mr. Terwilliger is bisexual'. I said, "that's close enough." So that's what he did.

Resting Assured

"Well, Mr. Terwilliger, you can rest assured you're secret's safe with me."

"What do you mean? It's not a secret; I just told the whole U.S. Government; a lot of other people know, too—my girlfriend, my secretary, the guys on the other side of the Glory Hole..."

"Does your boss know?" (No.) "Are you in the closet from your boss?" (No, the subject's never come up.) I give him my cleft palette analogy. He misunderstands, thinking perhaps I'm vulnerable to homosexual blackmail to pay my child's medical bills. If I were Jewish, I'd say, "Oy vey!" But I'm not, so I say, "Aw, shit! Just write that I'm bisexual, and send the report to the Pentagon; they'll understand."

"Well, Mr. Terwilliger, if your boss doesn't know it, I won't tell him."

"I don't care, tell him if you like. As I've said, I'm not in the closet, and I'm not blackmailable."

"The Government will decide that, Mr. Terwilliger!"

"What do you think will happen, now?"

"I don't know; we'll assess whether we think you can be 'turned' (spy-talk for 'turned into a traitor')."

With that, I readied myself to

kiss my security clearances goodbye.

Do His Children Respect Him?

Security Nerd began his investigation, running around asking all sorts of questions. Since my "secret" is safe in his hands, his questions are obtuse, beating around the bush. Innocuous questions are underpinned with dark, secret meanings—meanings known to him, not to the interviewees. Of course, interviewees answer Nerd's questions as *they* understand them, not as Nerd secretly means them, so all sorts of insinuations run amok in his report to Washington.

Here's an example. "Do Mr. Terwilliger's children respect him?" (Remember, Nerd's not letting on about Mr. Terwilliger's hobby; just asking "do his children respect him?", with a hidden meaning.)

It's a damned-if-they-do-damned-if-they-don't question. If answered "Yes, his children respect him," I'm vulnerable to blackmail because they might lose respect for me if the Rooskies told them their daddy was a flaming faggot! If answered, "No.", there must be some other undiscovered skeleton in my closet they don't respect me for.

It's like asking "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" If no, you're evil for beating her. If yes, you're evil for have beaten her before you stopped. The question doesn't allow for the case that you never beat your wife in the first place. But Nerd is too consumed by his good luck finding a Real One to see he's asking questions that provokes the answers he wants to hear.

Naturally, a year-and-a-half later I lost all my security clearances and was relegated to non-sensitive positions. Of course, no one ever admitted that, and it's instructive to surmise how they do these things. They don't call you in and say, "Well, now, Mr. Terwilliger, we've come to the conclusion that you're a Flaming Faggot, the Rooskies are gonna blackmail you and we'll lose WWIII, so we're yanking your clearance." Messy legal and Bill of Rights stuff if they do that—due process, the right to face your accusers, and so on.

Instead, they wait until your current assignment ends (in my continued next page...)

case, 18 months), then quietly terminate your access to the project under its need-to-know clause, a common and justifiable practice when you leave a project.

Then they do their sneaky thing: You're a Faggot-on-File, and mysteriously, you're never, ever cleared for another project as long as you live, and nobody's the wiser.

Some Things the Government Does are Really Dumb

Asking "do his children respect him" is dumb fact-finding to assess blackmailability. Asking if the Glory Hole partner ejaculated is dumber. Of course he does; if not I'd have to do it over until I got it right.

And there was this bit of dialog at one point: "Well, Mr. Terwilliger, we don't discriminate against homosexuals. Washington says if you had voluntarily come to the Government and admitted to being a homosexual, we could have worked with your Security Department on that. But instead, we had to find out for ourselves."

What does it mean, they "could have worked with" my security department under some other circumstance, but not under this one? What the hell does that mean? Frankly, I doubt it. It sounds like a used car salesman saying he can "work with you on the price, if you'll just sign this paper." And why not under this circumstance, anyway? How would the fact that I'd fessed now instead of earlier change their options for "working with us"?

But the dumbest of all was not recognizing that they didn't discover it through their investigation at all. I voluntarily told them myself; I simply told This Nerd who asked, instead an Earlier Nerd who didn't! Their investigation didn't reveal it, I revealed it; in fact, they were completely in the dark until I myself told them. They hadn't asked the right question until then, just like my boss might not have asked the right question to discover my cleft-palleted child. If the boss did ask the question, and I told him—voluntarily, openly, and without hesitation — one wouldn't say he'd independently dug up hidden cleft-pallete information on me.

Credit Where Due

Oh well, I don't give Govern-

ment Nerds like that much credit for being bright. And I don't credit this brainless circus to homophobia; I credit it to stupidity.

They waited a year and a half to pull my clearance! Pretty stupid of them. If I really were blackmailable, I coul'da thrown a dozen mailbags over the wall in that time!

And another stupidity: they lost an excellent contributor to their own defense projects. Without describing my aerospace career, I'll say that those who worked with me—who watched me rescue difficult projects from serious cost and technical troubles, smooth over the roughest relationships with customers, turn sloppy designs into tight, smooth-running gems, people who applauded me at technical meetings for pulling off unexpected feats of management, and working 18 hours a day to get it all done—these people saw me as a one-man wunderteam.

The dumbest thing is, all that dedication to project and country, to technical excellence and cost efficiency, is forever denied to American taxpayers because some Nerd, who didn't know me from Adam, asked stupid questions like, "Do his children respect him?"

So I'm no longer in aerospace, no longer a Grand High Mucky-Muck at my company, no longer making \$120,000 a year.

Am I bitter? No. Do I "blame" the government? Only for being willfully stupid.

Am I angry with myself for being honest when I answered Nerd's Big Question? Not at all. Think about this: I knew ten years earlier, the first time I stuck it through a Glory Hole, that someday a Government Nerd would ask the right question, and I'd answer it truthfully. When I did, the Government would have apoplexy. In an apoplectic fit, they'd pull my security clearances and my aerospace career would be down the tubes.

I don't even feel like I Took a Big Chance and Lost; I knew it was already a Done Deal when I chose to stick it through that first Glory Hole. It was just a matter of time.

I knew it, and was prepared to pay the price. Neither my ego, nor ability to sustain myself

financially, is tied to being an aerospace engineer. Millions of other people—shoe salesmen, accountants, resort owners and dishwashers—are aerospace engineers, and they do fine.

Did I think about getting a lawyer and suing? Never. I don't want to waste years of my life on it.

Epilog I

I did like my job; I did like the excitement of those programs; I did like being a Big Frog in the pond.

If I could keep the clearances, and go on with my work, I wanted to nurture that possibility. So the day The Nerd popped his question, I set to demonstrating—if they came to me and said I could keep the clearances if I never dunked my dickie again—that I could, indeed, keep that agreement. So I swore off Glory Holes until the matter was resolved one way or another. It was easy; Glory Holing, after all, was just my hobby, not my need. For 18 months, I never went to a Glory Hole again.

But the day the bozos pulled my clearance, and no agreement was possible, my girlfriend sent me out to celebrate. I went Glory Holing that night and found three of the biggest, hunkiest cocks I could find, coaxed them through, and celebrated in grand style—a real "Free at last, free at last. Thank God Almighty, I am at free at last" celebration.

I never knew who the guys were. Sometimes, I fantasize one of them might have been The Nerd himself. He did ask a lot of questions about who did what, and to whom, where, and how it felt! But probably not. They were gorgeous appendages, and I doubt the squirrelly little Nerd measured up.

Epilog II

If I have one regret, it's on principle not on consequences. I regret not thinking fast enough on my feet. When Nerd asked "Is there anything else the Government should know?", suppose I'd just truthfully answered, "No!"? Good answer! Good answer!

Epilog III

I empathize with Pee Wee Hermann.

Anything That Moves

A List of Things That Happened When I Was Eight

by J. LeRoy

Deano fell out of a tree and broke his ankle. It was a really high tree, you'd have to see it to believe it.

I rode my three speed to the gas station and bought a can of Mr. Pibb for a quarter.

I stole a package of Wacky Packs from the drug store and my mom made me spend my entire allowance on Wacky Packs and then gave all of them back to the check out clerk, who was very embarrassed.

Later, I discovered that if I went to Henry Fields and told them that the soda machine had stolen my quarter, they'd give me the soda for free. My friend Jeff and I did that every day on the way home from school.

We also stole books on insects from Henry Fields. We thought they were cool. My dad found out and took them all back. We couldn't go to Henry Fields anymore after that.

My uncle was living with us at the time. He had a huge stack of *Playboys* in his closet. My friends and I stole them and hid them in a strong box, buried underneath our fort.

My friend Tom's sister found out, so she and her friends dug it up when we weren't around and burned them.

I had sex with my friend Tom.

I had sex with my friend Nicole.

One cold winter morning, we found an ash bucket that had filled up with water and froze. We turned it over and dumped the huge block of ice on the ground. It was about 2" in diameter and about 2.5" tall. We pushed it out into the middle of 133rd street and hid in the bushes and laughed as the cars had to stop and drive around it. My dad caught us.

I borrowed my dad's portable radio and climbed to the top of the tall oak tree next to our house. I listened to Wolfman Jack until late at night. When I went to go inside, I knocked the radio off the limb it was on and it smashed to the ground.

I got punched in the gut by the neighborhood bully.

I saw a streaker on TV.

Overall, I would say I saw much more nudity, sex, and violence when I was 8, than I do today.



—J. LeRoy is the editor of BVI-Central which is published by Clerk Publishing, Box 4856, Seattle, WA, 98104-0856. BVI-Central is a queer-anarcho-communist-communicative-open-friendly-mass transit-political-satirical-fun-splendid-zine. All monies sent to BVI are given directly to one or more of the following organizations: NorthWest AIDS Foundation, The Chicken Soup Brigade, Lambda Legal Defense Fund.





Improvisations: Identity, Community, Sexuality

by Daniel Garrett

I turned thirty in October of 1991, and I found myself listening more and more to jazz music in the months preceding my birthday. Jazz—African-American improvisational music—depends on individual skill and knowledge, collective interaction, and improvisational creativity. It is a complex, pleasurable, and internationally popular music. I found in jazz a living ideal—the triumph of black men, a triumph now shared by all. What I hear in the music is: we are alive; we are beautiful; we are complex; we are furious. I hear myself as well as my past, my present, and, I think, my future.

I grew up in the American South, in Louisiana, within a working class, African-American family. Often I was expected, by family and others, not to be concerned with significant beauty or complexity, but ever since I was young—first instinctively, then intellectually—I have tried to make a place in my life for both. The demands of survival, capitalism, and just getting on with other people can make this difficult.

In the summer of 1989, I began the Cultural Politics Discussion Group: diverse individuals who meet regularly to discuss art, books, film, music, philosophy, politics, and more for the intellectual and emotional exploration of culture across lines of class, race, gender, and sexual orientation. An improvisational creativity takes place here too. As with jazz, this is another reflection of beauty and complexity. A beauty and complexity which is not purely private, but social as well.

One of my ongoing goals is to know and love myself better, to nurture myself and the people around me. I have been, in my thirty years, many different people, which is to say, that

different traits (selfishness, generosity, bitterness, hope, intelligence, sensitivity) have been dominant at different times in my life. Of course, I think I'm at my best now, even as I expect to be better.

I have become convinced, in the last few years, of my bisexuality: my ability and interest in loving men and women. I have felt erotic desire and sexual pleasure with men and women; but more importantly I have felt tenderness, respect, concern and fellowship with both men and women. I try to maintain this openness in my life. It deepens my experience of myself, of others, and encourages me to be more attentive to all life.

I don't know whether the connections between the things I have mentioned (music; an intellectual community; bisexuality) are as clear to the reader as they are to the writer. Possibly, it will help if I elaborate on my personal history which is, like everyone's, a history lived among others.

I grew up in the country. My family (mother, stepfather, sister, grandparents, cousins and aunt) was my first community. They were, in retrospect, loving, practical people and because we were isolated (except when we went to work, school, or church), we developed very particular freedoms and constraints. We seem to share a pride and privacy and pleasure that is unique to us. I'm violating that privacy now, but this does not change the fact of its existence.

I don't doubt that many of my personal habits, which are mostly conservative, have been influenced by my family (for instance, I rarely remember people in my family drinking alcohol, and I rarely drink and never use

drugs).

My mother taught me numbers, to read, and to write which gave me a good start in school; a start which held me in good stead, even during those years when I didn't apply myself. I managed never to fail and, occasionally, did quite well. I remember, during segregation, how bright all the black kids seemed in elementary school and how later, during integration, there was much failure (the lowest section of the grades seemed filled with black kids). During segregation, there was a greater sense of community and mutual encouragement (we played math games for fun. Later, I hated math).

Sometimes, I was the only black (or one of the only two) in a class which was considered the top level. This caused rage and resentment in the other black kids, especially as I began to make a few white friends as well as black, and later, mostly white friends.

There was a pretty black girl whom I sometimes found myself in the same class with. I had a crush on her, but mostly we were just friends. I got in trouble with her boyfriends because they didn't understand our friendship, they didn't think boys and girls could be friends. I was threatened several times. In these instances, I learned—without knowing I was learning—about the depth and danger of race and gender and sex. My heart, if not my mind, learned pride, fear, anger, and confusion.

By the time I was a teenager, especially in my late teens, I paid greater attention to my intellectual development. I read almost everything I could get my hands on, including Malcolm X, Angela Davis and, most importantly, Richard Wright. He wrote about what it meant to be a black boy born in the South, and what it meant to be a black intellectual. I began to understand society as a construction of power, values, choices habits, and material resources. I began to write poetry, plays, and fiction. I became angry with my mother, my family, and everyone else, for not preparing

me for all of this; for not giving me an environment which nurtured me deeply. At 18, I left Louisiana for New York, assuming I'd never go back.

In New York, I lived for a short time with my father (who I continue to think of as a wonderful uncle and terrible father). I found work, moved, and started college. I lived with a woman for five years, who at different times was my friend, lover, enemy, sibling, and intellectual comrade. She was strong, and almost incredibly valuable. She loved me with intelligence and passion giving me a model of loving, one I didn't always appreciate. With my family, I had been loved the way a child is loved, almost impersonally (for being a child), but with her I was loved as a particular human being.

During the time we were together, I began to read a great deal of feminist (and socialist) work in order to understand her, my mother, my father, and the social construction of gender. I began to wonder about the gay men I saw in the city; what their lives were like; how deep a homosexual experience could be. At some point, I realized that my father and my two best friends (young, black men) didn't love me—that they couldn't hear deeply anything I was saying. This was painful and shocking. This is not to say those relationships were absent of gestures of concern or words assuming connection, but that's all they seemed to be: gestures and assumptions.

I began to wonder if I was beautiful, valuable, and if any man could see it. I remember telling one of my friends that I thought black men couldn't see or acknowledge each other's beauty and he agreed, accepting it as natural. My need for male love became sexualized, which is entirely natural, as sex usually involves acceptance and pleasure.

I became involved with a community of black gay men in New York City after looking for, and failing to find, a group dealing with bisexuality. I wrote poetry and prose exploring this new

identification, as I felt frustrated by the limits of the community often only narrowly concerned with issues of race, sexuality; and by the limits of men. I quit this community.

I became celibate, and began to again discover my emotional and erotic feelings for both women and men. I began to wonder how to create an environment in which individual skill and knowledge, collective interaction, improvisational creativity, beauty, complexity, and pleasure could be celebrated. That environment is my life. Jazz is a part of it; so is the Cultural Politics Discussion Group; so is bisexuality.

Improvisation in jazz refers to the ability to transform established patterns into new, creative, self-expressive ways which add significantly and successfully to group performance. Jazz itself is an improvisation: taking European instruments and working African rhythms on them. This working is symbolic of what African-Americans have had to do in this country—improvisation is something we all have to do: moving beyond established patterns. Other words for it are creativity, experimentation, change, growth, and invention.

A Critic

He was trying to tell me
what to sing and not sing
and I did not know how
to tell him to be quiet
and watch, listen: wonder.

Later he heard me singing
and in awe wanted to know
how and why.
I said: desire and pain,
desire and pain.

—Daniel Garrett is a published essayist, poet, and fiction writer. He has performed his work at the Knitting Factory, the Poetry Project, and Poets House. He lives in New York—



Magical Buldyke

by Thyme Seigel

I masturbated to fantasies of a male figure playing force and penetration games with me for over a decade without ever finding this lover. I tried imagining a woman in this role but it was too difficult. I didn't know any take-charge women. I figured I was bisexual since fantasizing about a male was so much easier. Now I see that fantasizing about a man in any power position is much easier since most images of power are male. The truth was and is that I wanted to find my butch top.

It took 18 years of being out as a lesbian/separatist/bisexual/lesbian to find her, a woman who takes a traditionally "male" stance and makes it her own. Stances, mannerisms, expressions, initiations, thrusts—a woman taking power and power tools. A woman projecting "male" sexual intensity, parodying sexism with delicious camp humor, wielding a dildo, menacing me gently. A tender woman who always felt like a man but doesn't want a sex change, a "male-identified" woman who surveys my body, puts me in my place, and makes me love it, whose lewd downward glance and sharp gaze let me know I really am loved and desired. A woman who has always been butch, who was never "pretty," who never got her ego stroked for being pretty. A competent and capable and funny and complicated woman who doesn't worry that she's not a "real man." A woman whose toy is "the real thing" which is dependable and versatile and which can be put away when not needed. A woman who projects her inner intensity onto me like a laser beam, whose tough facade breaks and reforms at every moment. A woman who is monogamous with an honor code and with boundaries she enforces, a woman who matches my neediness, who has enough polarity, challenge and orneriness to fulfill the masculine twist I crave. A woman who is not intimidated by my intellect and

direct style.

This woman nurtures babies and fixes cars, kisses long and sensuously and spanks me. This is a woman who grabs me and throws me on the bed like in a movie but never really hurts me, not for a moment. She stares into the night, contemplates the fire, imagines her dick inside of me, gets a hard on, visualizes us back in the woods of my childhood; this time I am not alone.

A good butch is hard to find. My magical buldyke is a woman such as the stubborn, obstinate, ceremonial dykes described by Judy Grahn in *Another Mother Tongue*. She comes from an indestructible core of pride, a woman who wants to see more butches, who wants lesbians to have more, more women who break all stereotypes, paradoxical women, butches who are not confused into acting out the worst male behaviors, women with attitudes all their own, women who are caretakers of women, women who have always desired women, Jewish women, winged snakes, powerful and brilliant, heros of their own narratives, strong hands pressed onto bare backs, butches who know how to break horses, butches who know how to make you beg for it, butches who can play a different role a minute, butches who can mimic male arrogance, who can stand outside the mainstream in style and still make money, who succeed in spite of their own demons.

I met her recently, after looking for her for a decade. I like the glittering gaze on her friendly face and short grey hair. She doesn't look like a man; she looks like a woman who look like a man. I am a woman who loves women who look like men and feel male in some aspects of their personality but love their female bodies. She asked me to marry her. Whoa! I've never been the type, never thought of it. She gave me a ring and I wore it around my neck. She called me a "real woman" which I had never enjoyed being called before. I savored the fact that she had old copies of *Playboy* and *Lingerie* in her bathroom. I could be her sex object I had never wanted to be anyone's sex object before. I never wanted to wear a skirt, but suddenly, I liked the way she looked at me when I wore one. (No, I still don't wear

lipstick, jewelry or heels!) She pulled my breasts out of my bra so they stick way out and bit my nipples. She said, "I'm gonna get my dildo and fuck you until you scream," before she knew I would like that. She said, "I'm gonna fuck you all night" on our second date. "Have you ever been raped by a woman?" she asked, trying to be menacing. I laughed at all this. I felt only her profound tenderness. I love to play like that and could never find a woman who had the right pizazz and yet was a profoundly tender, compassionate, kind human being. I am only open with the most tender beings; I won't put up with anything less. "Have you ever gone out with a red neck before?" she taunted.

Sexuality is not a subject that can be untangled from history, money, politics, background. When I met my butch, I was very needy. She too was needy, but neither of us was "too needy" in contrast to the other. We had survived, and we found each other. A major victory over all of civilization. A victory over feminization, victimization, puritanism, and the rule-making of our sub-set. A victory over time and death itself.

She immediately asserted her possession of me and I loved it. The SM scene and sex parties hold no attraction for me because casual sex holds no attraction. My previous lovers had all been flirtatious non-monogamists who left me because I can't tolerate casual sex. Loyalty such as mommy and daddy and 55-year anniversaries seem unobtainable for my sub-set. Our lives are too chaotic. But my butch comes from an old gay world where people did that, femmes were possessed by their butches and loyalty was the basic code. This was alien to me yet I give it serious thought nowadays. Being possessed is part of my sexuality.

She sat on one end of the sofa and I stretched my feet out on her lap so she might massage them. She went for it. I was waiting for her and finally there she was. It was our second date. She had to fix a water leak first, and give a baby back to its parents. Then she came back to the sofa and slowly got around to pulling me to her. But then the second baby cried and her roommate entered the living room. My butch cooed and coaxed the baby,

holding it to her breasts, rocking the eleven month old girl in the rocker. Her roommate wanted to hold the baby so my butch was coaching her on how to hold a baby when the second set of parents came in. By this time it was 2 a.m. and we were alone again.

I motioned for her to lie back down with me on the sofa and caressed her hair and neck. Her hair is thick and grey and very short. Her face is old and lined, too old for being in her early 40's. Her skin is soft, and she was wearing a sports bra which flattened her breasts. I didn't know until then that she might really have round full breasts. She did not let me touch them all the time. The moment had to be right. I felt a chain around her neck; the chain with her parents' ring. She pulled it off and put it over my head, around my neck. The ring pressed into my skin between my breasts. It was cold and yet there was a peculiar burning sensation. She looked at me as if she was imprinting me with her ring, to bond me to her.

"Marry me," she said but I didn't take it seriously. I didn't take the ring off. In the weeks that followed, I always wore it. I, who had never even gone steady in high school. I had not believed that my intimate relationships were anyone's business, and saw no need to proclaim them in public. I grew up in a time and in a place where you didn't say "I love you." I couldn't say it. It had no meaning. Only characters in movies said it. But she coached me, she taught me to say it, over and over, every day, often, to have it slide off my tongue as easy as "How are you?" She was always prompting me, telling me what to say. "Feed my ego," she'd coach. She never met a basket case like me before. I liked it. I was not diminished or made into her puppet but instead gained greater ease.

I have never thought of myself as a "femme," yet I am a woman in love with a butch. I was a farm girl tomboy, grew up rejecting any domesticated role. I grew up wandering the deep woods, driving a tractor mower and a pick up truck. I never wore a skirt again after high school. I never wore make up, and seldom cooked. I was NOT going to be like THEM, the generations and

millennia of women who had gone before me. I, the explorer of boundaries in the mind and in the world was first a beatnik, then hippie, then a lesbian feminist creator. I did not, nor was I able to enter the mainstream work world because I would have to dress like a woman. This held me back tremendously; I could never live up to the challenge of my intellect. I could not play the wife role, I could not have a career. I thought I didn't belong on this planet, it was somehow not the right one. But the lesbian feminist movement changed my mind. I did belong here; this is the right planet.

The lesbian feminist movement inspired me to commit my life to relating to women on every level. But after the first decade the commitment sagged when I could not find my mate. In desperation I turned to the bisexual movement and still believe of course that I am in some sense bisexual. But it seems that the most authentic form my bisexuality takes is of loving the interpretation of the masculine by a bulldyke. Everyone will have a different spin on this, just as each man and woman must create their own individuality. But I don't see the bisexual movement as a place where butch women are congregating or where women who love very masculine women are looking. That is why I feel more like an ally at this point than actually a part of a bisexual "community" or "movement."

A good butch is hard to find. In my searches I found one who was dying, one who was a drug addict and one who was totally closed down. Butch women are invisible in most media. I want to shout out encouragement to girls and women to take on those "male" qualities that appeal to them on a deep level, or on a playful one. If anything, the situation is more regressed now than in the heyday of lesbian feminist community formation. The bisexual movement has given me a broader world view but it is not encouraging the most repressed aspects of females—the desire to be butch. What this is for each woman is a journey of creative discovery—to love that energy in herself and in another woman.



The Landscape of My Cunt

by Selena Whang

She said all penetration was actually rape. I do not really know but I think there is a way to draw this out, further the point of concentration. The moment of ejaculation is an act and transforms ramifications of female sex while appropriating the meanings of male sex. A good thing.

The terrain of my sexuality is at once both rugged and fertile like the smooth muscles of the vagina. Tender, too. There are all kinds of undulations for gripping, holding, memorizing; every section and cross-section containing worlds of meaning as superficial and profound as I choose. A vagina is a terrible thing to waste and there are so many ways she explores and examines. Shed some light on the matter. Sample the thirty-one flavors.*

The movement of ejaculation is a very receptive action. A moment of redemption. It is also a moment of aggression as aggression is signified. Vigorously energetic. Taking up a lot of space. Unable to be contained. Making a mess. Making a scene. Making product. An interactive performance.

It is a re-membering when all the processes of mechanization work together—the relay station of nerves, muscular contractions, vessels. Urethra, ducts, clitoris, uterus, and of course, the cunt and all the parts thereof—multidimensional. Beautifully orchestrated. Remembering from some distant past so distant, my mother doesn't even know.

The female "act-of-spurting-out-a-lot-of-cum" takes this male principle and makes it trans-gendered. Female sex is no more mysterious than life is. And it is as dark and hidden and silent as the penetration of a male anus. The look that comes across the face of a male who has just discovered his sexual receptivity for the first time, in no uncertain terms, is a very beautiful moment.

A piercing of light through the haze of constructed sexual ambivalence.

Clarity is what I speak of to want to know every niche, every strata. Feel how the connections are to all other levels of being. How sexuality functions and reciprocates. Not necessarily sexual reproduction but the reproduction of the sexual.

Ejaculate is more copious than my tears. Aggression and pain are both expressions of the nervous system. A release. An entrance. A Continuation. Sparks travelling along the synapses.

Yeah, Earth has been having a lot of orgasms lately, hadn't ejaculated in a while and we all missed it. She had hardly even cried these past few years. In Noah's time though, there must have been heavy multiple orgasms going on. The world's a mess but I can still ejaculate.

Lies and ugliness still hover over my confidence. I smile but dare not take a step. I am afraid that if I keep wearing garter belts and talking about female ejaculation, I'll get raped one of these days.

A thousand points of light coalesce into one point of concentration where explosions and eruptions occur. While perusing the landscape, nuances become distinct; habits become paths; I find new space and lay myself down as an offering. For this I need immense focus and feel solemn and giddy. I get devoured and emerge baptized. Crystal cuts away at my heart, chiselling a purity hard as diamond. Both my sex and my heart are pointed as defined in the very sense of that word. A focus, directed, striving, already reaching even as you follow the length of the stem and meet the point which is only significant as the connection continuing a stream of energy. A force that is embraced.

I don't understand how a

vagina smoking a cigarette or opening beer bottles or counting change or shooting darts is reduced to a trashy display of tricks. These acts are so simply marvelous. Something that takes such skill and involves great aesthetic—something that cannot really ever be appropriated—we cash into the illusion of appropriation. Once, I saw a woman lift thirty pounds with her vagina.

The moment of penetration is a curious thing. The act of being penetrated is a very active state of being. The cunt is always speaking, processing, responding. Sometimes she's louder than other times. When it is time to unleash that moment of ejaculation she speaks pretty loudly—or is she yelling or crying? She transforms the illusion of passivity into a direct statement of force. It's an answer to your prayers.

*In the female body, fluid is ejaculated from thirty-one ducts.

What do BITCHY BITCH,
BITCHY BUTCH, KITTY KAT,
TOONS, SHEEP THRILLS?
ARTISTIC LICENTIousNESS
have in common?



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Sex and Knowledge: On Fantasy and Certainty in Nature, a Symposium

by Neil MacLain

I spend as much time as possible doing things I like. Being bisexual, what I like often is doing two things I like at once. Hence my topic, "Sex and Knowledge," two things (experiences, flights, peaks) that I like and at the same time too.

During sex, I often feel certain. It's a driven, rapturous certainty. I want more of my life to feel like that. But what actually am I feeling? What am I certain about? Is it that sex feels good? Is it because I am so close to someone else that I get more certain about who I am? Is it the clarity of my lovers' power that inspires and propels me? Or is it the fragile nearness of their choice?

When I am touching you, is the ecstasy caused by you or by me? Aren't we forced to admit that there is something between us, something of sex and knowledge, you and me? The certainty I feel seems to come from something in between us. It seems to come to us from the 'uncertainty' outside of us.

To emphasize this betweenness I want this discussion to occur as a forum, a Symposium if you will. I want to invoke some of my lovers and allow them to draw us all more deeply into the shared space between us, the space of sex and knowledge. You must promise not to be shocked by who I have invited. Some of these guests would never have made it into the Greeks' Forum, much less this magazine except that my love for them is so strong.

A dissenting voice from under the blanket speaks up: "You know, Neil, you are just so over-done sometimes. Intercourse is not always pleasurable or certain. Many times I question what I am

feeling and who I am with. I lose presence, then I wonder what happened. Not exactly what I'd refer to as 'knowledge' of any kind. It's more like unconsciousness or submersion into pre-verbal half-life."

From beneath the same blanket, a different voice: "I know what you mean. Sometimes sex is overwhelmingly numbing. At times, states of fear, even panic, overcome me. Other times the sense of inadequacy or even boredom come into it. I don't know how Neil can go so blithely along as if sex and majesty are the same thing. And when he paints it so flowery, he tends to deny the power struggle and the pain and the lack of knowledge that come into it."

Neil: "My intention is to talk about those moments where we break through. I want to talk about the moments of certainty during sex because these moments will tell us about power and purpose. These experiences are what make me want to live."

"I want to hear about that in the garden with my clothes off. Feel me while I hold my breath with pleasure that is more certain than anything. I want you to hold me while I tell you what is in my mind. I want these insights to open our internal eyes towards life and how to live it."

"I see many people and even several creatures that have something to say about how we love and what we know as we love. So let's give them a turn..."

One wall of this bedroom temple opens out onto a vast garden. From that direction an eagle speaks:

"You are used to seeing me with my shield and arrows. You

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associate me with that feeling of self-righteous certainty known as American chauvinism. I worry that you are seeing love with this same patriotic fervor. A fervor that blinds you to the emotional world. For instance, I have been turned into your idea of conquest, swooping down on mice or baby lambs, and soaring so far above you. You like to think I am cold and steely-eyed, preying on babies. In this way you deny the rest of my life. In particular, you deny the intensity of my lovemaking."

Your encyclopedias say that I make love the same way that chickens do: the females crouching and crooking her neck, the male holding her down, pouncing on her from his penis to his breast. There is so little dignity in this; so little passion. The truth is that there are times when we eagles spire up hundreds of feet into the air. We couple in a careening, tumbling dive gasping and shrieking with the wind crushing into our feather-frocked skin. And just a few feet from smashing into the dirt, we let go. We swoop away and spire up again to join in that rapt perilous dive, tumbling toward the earth in our breathless, dancing dare. How is it that I am so important to you as a symbol of strength and yet you cannot acknowledge so vivid a part of my life?"

From a different direction in this bedroom temple, lapping waves roll up on a beach. From out in that water a dolphin's voice calls:

"I want to expand on the point just raised. You know I have been showing you incredible kindness for ages. I have assisted members of your species who are lost and drowning. I have sung for you over the centuries and have entered your dreams and your songs. Even now, my image on television is powerful enough to force your corporations to change their practices. No other creature has been strong enough to curb them."

"You see me playing, playing with waves, playing with other dolphins, and on the few occasions where you have cared to look, you have seen me playing

sexually. I play with my friends, both male and female, most of the day long. I do things like blow water into my lover's vagina. I nudge my nozzle into her sex and propel her through the water for as much as a hundred feet at a time. And I sing throughout it all.

"How can you observe this and believe that I have no feelings? You act as if I am just going through the motions. I wonder, could you play all day long without feeling it? And why would you? Maybe if there were some despot requiring you to feign joy under his dominion. But no such despot rules me. I wonder whether the same can be said of you."

"How can you experience intense feelings without the feelings themselves taking you over? When that happens, you become the instrument of the feeling. This is not bad or lawless. This is love, or sweetness, or any other feeling that you have. And if you think feelings are mostly bad or should be avoided, consider that most of your feelings are the result of how you treat each other. For the last several hundred years you have tended to hurt and abuse each other. It makes sense that you want to avoid your feelings, but why don't you change how you treat each other so that you can feel respect and care?"

"I spend my days laughing and joking and touching. Your cultures used to be more like this. You used to have more fun, and sing better songs. Making love is like joining a chorus. The voices are all around you, but in your present state you don't even wonder who it is you are singing with. What is it during your sex that allows you to think you are alone? What keeps you from knowing I have emotion, the same emotion as you..?"

Neil: "These discussions could go on for hours, weeks, months. The creatures, the other humans, the spiritual traditions of other cultures all deserve the time to discuss the ignorance and density that is our modern way of life. But after such discussions, questions would remain. How is it that we make love as desperate, possessive egos? How can we

remain unaware that love undermines our assumptions about self, property, and even survival?"

"Like most of my friends, my sex life is essentially private. I mean I have a lover, or a few lovers, but the intense feelings we share stay in the bedroom. The creativity, the power and the purpose are private knowledge cut off from everyone else. This makes me crazy. My imagination wants to build a way into the world. It wants to build a flowery path out of the bedroom leading to a shining city of art. In that city, all the faces will be smeared with potent smiles and in those smiles we will taste each other's respect."

"Our culture has turned this into an image of marriage. Ecstatic bonding becomes life in a house caged by a job. Where then, does our imagination escape to? Perhaps it travels to previous lovers, or to friends, or someone in the office, or to family."

"Or the imagination turns further outward, to the street itself. It responds to the hope and desire for community. And it witnesses the hypocrisy, defeat and the anguish. In its desire for a collective image of love, the imagination may turn to prosperity of Downtown, or perhaps to the Mission with its spiraling sprawl of overlapping desires where it feels the lust and the hopelessness of all our lives."

"The imagination moves perhaps to a love of the city itself, or of some lineage of its art, or of a community within it—like the bohos or the queers. It wants to know these entities with the force of carnal insight. It seeks a relationship with insubstantial things. Then it wants a lover to embody them, a lover so that these ideas can be fucked."

"If we were a free society, we would have temples where we could make love. The idea of our city and of our vision of beauty would shine on us there. Coupling at these temples would not be a marriage to a single soul; it would be a bond to future art and beauty and emotion of spirit understood as pleasure and realized in satisfaction. It would fill us. In these temples, we would find direction for our lives..."

The Secular Present recognizes the angry diatribe Neil has launched into. The Present feels disrespected and interrupts him defensively:

The Secular Present: "We have those temples. We have them in the form of 1-900-hot-sexx phone numbers."

Neil: "But I must tell you that I feel a profound disconnection when I hang up; schism on my fingers and on the receiver."

The Secular Present tries again: "We have public sex on television and on billboards."

Neil: "But the coercion to buy and the ignorance of class and race and history is so painful that my desire weeps inside these images."

The Secular Present tries yet again: "We have prostitutes on the street and in the hotels."

Neil: "I have loved them hundreds of times. I honor their boldness at putting out love; the incredible, though momentary, sweetness they bring; their bravery in the face of police repression and puritan morality and the shadow men who often abuse them with anger."

The Secular Present finds a few small experimental communities and holds them up: "There are the start-up religions—like the Queen of Heaven parties and the School of the Body Electric—and the jack-off clubs and the sexual underground. These are temples to experience collective passion. And there is the idea of a queer or bisexual community that might be a bridge taking us to a more openly-loving world."

Neil: "Yes, our imaginations need practical manifestations of their power. They need signs that our lives are meaningful, beautiful and passionate. What do you think all those hungry, leering men on the street are looking for if not a meaningful life? Did you ever wonder why they have to find it in someone they don't know? It is not about honoring their egos. It is about projecting the energy of their life into a collectively acknowledged image of beauty. In all other cultures, these images manifest in songs, stories and rituals. In ours, the collective images are created by corporations

that teach us that beauty is possessed through status."

From somewhere in my penis a voice emerges: "Intelligence is imagination applied to life. Anyone who has ever masturbated knows this. When I masturbate with any compassion, my life takes shape. Things I want come together in my mind."

"I don't want to own or control these fantasies. Their power is in their distance. They draw life out of me. Getting what I want requires my active participation as a willful creator in an imaginative vision."

"Even the gods know that creation is not control. The desire to control is a consequence of living in a fractured, scarcity-driven, image-shattering, and myth-suppressing society. A society which controls and suppresses me by denying the bonds between things, lovers, and communities. Our culture denies the stuff of images and the creative energy which makes them meaningful. Our culture denies the language of the hard-on—the language of a god."

From my balls another voice is heard: "In such a culture, it is no accident that the child is held up as the only hope. We act as if the child's life takes place in a world detached from this one; as if the child is a first cause, a heavenly being arriving from outside of this life. We act as if it were made by some Christian God instead of by Me; as if children come from 'heaven'. Heaven—that rationale for accepting constant pain and oppression in this life. Heaven—the ultimate cynicism. A child from out of this world will save us. Of course, since there is no such place in nature; since heaven is indeed only a cynical fantasy, life betrays our salvation. This betrayal reinforces our need for heaven. This cyclic Christian betrayal justifies distrust of reality with every twist."

"Nor is it just the New Right with its sacred fetuses and choirboy obedience that idealizes the child. It is also the liberal, New Age, and all the theories prognosticating psychological health: 'normal' life or freedom from 'addiction'. All these fanta-

sies are dependent on the ideal of childhood innocence. These theories make childhood the only stage of action. They proscribe how we all need a safe place for our inner child before we can have meaningful lives. Action is confined either in the familial past or the household present. This confinement suppresses the imagination."

"With our imagination thus subverted into this private place, our public selves are un-imagined. We do not honor our adult desires. We do not masturbate proudly together. Our love temples are defiled and disparaged. Meaningful life is available only for those who were raised in a fantasy childhood; a privileged childhood. Maybe if we take responsibility for our childhood with the new and improved techniques of psycho-babble, we can rise up to this level of cleansed consciousness. Or maybe in the yuppie fantasies of the children to be raised with modern corporate assistance. Meanwhile, we participate in spiritless, unimaginable corporate ideals that range from bureaucratic nausea to subservience in death camp regimes as if their outcomes were banal."

"In this vein it should be apparent that family values are the opposite of what we need. They are ruining our society. They are shoving our imagination into the private hole of a home—that same vortex into which male supremacists throw their wives. Lovemaking with this vortex requires the fantasy of 'God' as the agent of birth. These supremacists cling to this displaced fantasy to save themselves from the contracting vortex they believe their lover to be. Holding onto this idea of 'heaven' makes it safe to enter their lover and raise children into the Corporate Christian Hell they have made of the world."

"Valuing the family isolated from kinship is like loving one's image in a shattered mirror. Bleeding and fractured, we grasp at the shards of ourselves. Their glistening, bright edges draw us in as if towards an ancient fire. The stories we hear off those shard-shaped fires are stories of war and rape, malicious individualism, spiritless consent, and isolated suffering. These are the voices of the open veins of our social life..."

The Truth of My History

by Cole Roland

Sex for me is always a step into the truth of who I am. As a bisexual man, I primarily identify as a survivor of incest and sexual abuse. The expression of my sexuality is riddled with complications. Sex has been quite wonderful, exciting and satisfying, yet it has also been uncomfortable, dysfunctional and even frightening. The more I delve into my wounds of invasion and rape, the more I feel and understand the lasting effects of my violator's attacks.

I have been diagnosed with "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" (PTSD). I suffer this condition because of the violent sexual and emotional abuse that I grew up with. PTSD is something that most people are familiar with through the diagnosis of Vietnam veterans with lingering trauma from their war experiences. This hidden disability means I have trouble concentrating and difficulty associating ideas and things. For example, I can get confused which then causes me to forget where I am and how to get home. Consequently, I do not go to other people's homes unless I feel I can leave easily and quickly on my own. It is very important for me to map out avenues of escape. Frequently at night I do not feel safe, so I become more guarded and withdrawn. All this of course affects my trust in them; whether I will share or act on my desires to be with them and thus make myself vulnerable.

As a bisexual who has not yet been sexual with a man, I face a particularly obnoxious form of prejudice from both the heterosexual and homosexual communities. I have never "proved" my bisexuality by being with a man. Luckily in the bisexual community I have never been confronted with doubt or animosity because of my singular relationships with women. The bisexual community does not choose to define my

sexuality "for" me, rather self-identification is good enough, and in fact, celebrated and embraced. It is in the clarity and certainty with which I identify myself as bisexual that my bond with others in the bisexual community is made.

Being physically close to a man with or without sexuality is threatening to me. My fear is learned from old lessons of violence and abuse. This causes me anxiety and confusion. When sexuality comes up between me and another man, disgust, shame, repulsion—all old feelings of times with my father—appear and make me afraid and want to run away. These painful and limiting reminders affect my decisions with the men in my life.

My experience with women is quite different although ironically I end up in the same place: feeling bad about sex. I internalized my father's twisted expression of maleness. I am fearful of my sexual passion and wary of the potential violence within me. I have experienced what that looks like in my father's eyes and his horribly strong arms. I care deeply and know I could never expose anyone to that, yet the fear is still there. I feel safer when I am with women. When I make love with a woman I have the opportunity to recognize and appreciate my own maleness, sexual desires and actions separate from my father's. I know that one day I will be able to do this with men as well. I just need to remove a few more demons out of my way.

I struggle and face the memories that haunt and confront me with the truth of my history. As I challenge these truths, they often leave me open to deeper memories that then present the next challenge of acceptance, belief and courage. My hidden disability makes me less vulnerable, less available to open arms, a

warm embrace, friendship and company. I hesitate and make "decisions" where simple impulse would care for me just fine. It forces me to stop and consider, where I might simply love.

Those of us with hidden (or visible) disabilities are often forced to explain ourselves, our needs, and educate others over and over again. It is frustrating, at times exhausting, and even lonely. Every time I have to explain my "special" needs, I begin to question myself and wonder if I am really so different that no one seems to just accept me. Why must I always open my life and history and then await judgement? Maybe I was not meant to love; maybe if it is this complicated, I am forcing something that was not meant to be; maybe my disability is the clue I am given to tell me I should be alone and not share all the possibilities of life.

And then I meet a wonderful person that makes me feel like I am dancing on raindrops as they fall onto beautiful flowers. That is when I do express my sex and sexuality. I lean back and stare up at the power above us all and thank the goddess/god that I can feel this way.

I am a person with a disability, yes. I have special needs, yes. But I also have the same wants and the same energy to express them as others. I am frightened and courageous, shy and bold, held back and thrust forward, hurt and loved. I think it is my disability that brings life to me this way but then, now that I think of it, everyone I know (disabled or not) seems to live the same way. Life itself is a challenge and we all face it.

I am a fully sexual person. I am learning to know my own natural expression of myself. Perhaps my struggle will bring me wisdom, I know the adventure into my erotic and loving self has brought me (and others) much joy.

Public Sex

by Teresa Ann Pearcey

You're not supposed to talk about sex, you know. Especially if you are a woman, which I am.

So I make my life's ambition to be as public about my sex life as I can be. It pays off. In dollars as a matter of fact. I spent years in television as a talk show host on community cable covering "serious" stuff like alcoholism and gridlock. I never earned a cent either. The show was eventually cancelled because the producer couldn't cover the bills. If only I had known how well sex sells back then!

Today I am flown all over the place (even exciting destinations like L.A. and Detroit) and paid well to appear on television talk shows to talk about sex in general—my sexual behavior in particular. Not only does it help to pay the rent, but I have a lot of fun talking about things I'm not suppose to talk about (or do for that matter) on national TV. Perhaps it's a sign of arrested maturation—the teen rebel in me living on. Or maybe I've found an easy way to turn a buck. Could be my own brand of in-your-face, sex-positive feminism (please, what other kind of feminism is there after all?).

My public sex debut actually occurred in the front seat of an economy car with a bartender I had just met. It was early morning in Sparks, Nevada and the Mervyn's store we had unwittingly parked in front of was having a big sale. Seventy-five people (read families complete with children) were waiting for the doors to open—not our car doors, which is what they got—but the store's doors. Oh well, we were beyond drunk and barely recalled our arrest. As far as we could remember, we never got a chance to consummate our public display of affection, although one would have thought we had committed a grave crime by the way we were prosecuted.

The official charge was indecent exposure and fornication

in public. Fornication? Those must have been some old laws on the books. Turned out to be a felony sex crime. Just to keep my stereotypes of law enforcement alive and well, one officer attempted to steal from me. She wanted me to sign for 65 cents instead of the \$265.00 in my wallet. I was drunk, but not that drunk.

Once I was behind bars, I started to scratch the words "Love is Illegal" on the wall of my cell with a button I had torn from my shirt. I mean really, here I was being arrested on charges of a felony sex crime in the only State where selling sex is legal! My crime must have been "giving it away."

Well, my scratched message wasn't appreciated and I was booked a second time on a charge of Defacing Public Property. All in all, I served a year's probation and paid a fine. The bartender merely paid a fine and got a "How was she?" from the drunken judge.

A few years later, I sobered up but I didn't lose my taste for adventure. I was offered an opportunity to strip at a bachelor party. I felt like a spy infiltrating the enemy camp. I always had wanted to know first hand what men did at these parties. How better to find out than to be the star attraction? They did everything and so did I. I felt like a prized possession, showpiece and adored best girl on the one hand while a commodity, hated and feared object, and dirty joke on the other.

I felt like Jane Russell (minus the humongous tits) in one of those Western movies where she danced in the middle of a smokey bar room full of horny men following her every move. Only I didn't manage to finish my dance without losing my "knickers" or before getting to know several of the "cowboys" up close and personal. It wasn't worth the money and I made a mental note never to do it again. I have this recurring nightmare that the guy with the camcorder is selling copies of my performance to all the X-rated video stores in California.

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Not that I've got anything against X-rated videos. In fact, I've done a couple of them. The first one was a home video (which has sold at least 500 copies to date) I made with my girlfriend. As it was, we enjoyed a wonderful sex life together so filming it and getting paid was a guaranteed delight. We spiced things up a bit with two vibrators, a double-headed dildo (built for two) and a strap-on dildo (responsible for the only fake orgasm of the entire shoot—hers).

We filmed ourselves in a motel room for 12 hours so that by the time we called it a wrap and packed up to go home, I was a zombie and sexually numb. There really is such a thing as too much of a good thing.

I just finished my second porn film a few weeks ago. I did it with my husband and it was his first film. This is no home video, either. It's part of a educational and entertainment video series which is distributed internationally. The advertising includes full page ads in magazines like *Playboy*. Very public sex.

I'm very proud of our participation in this project because it is real. A lot of time was spent interviewing us on our relationship and sex life together as well as filming us having sex with each other. Nothing was contrived or orchestrated. We just made love with each other and they turned their cameras on. And we got paid. Such a deal.

However, I have a few complaints about the video. It includes plenty of references to women's bisexual fantasies and none regarding bisexual men's—just like *Playboy*. When I complained about the obvious homophobia, the producer insisted his market share came primarily from the Midwest. And we know how those people in the midwest are, don't we?

Well, I haven't seen the video yet since they haven't finished editing, but I did preview one of our sex scenes and it was a real turn-on! I like watching myself have sex. Especially with someone I care about. I'm certain this tape will be the catalyst for more than a few moments of hot sex between my husband and I. It's also a kick imagining other people getting it on after seeing our video.

The most special part of making the film for me was the opportunity to talk with him about our feelings about having sex with each other. I found out how much we adore each other's bodies and love performing oral sex for each other. I pretty much got the idea we are in love with each other, which is a good thing since we are married.

That's about all I have to say about public sex in my life. I've left out only one or two items of interest, but hey, I've got to save a few surprizes for my next talk show.

MOW Speech...from page 16

erasure.

I want to challenge those lesbian and gay leaders who have come out to me privately over the years as bisexual to take the next step—come out now. What is the sexual liberation movement about if not about the freedom to love whom we choose? I want to encourage bisexuals in the lesbian, gay and heterosexual communities to come out now. Remember there is nothing wrong with love. Defend the freedom to express it. Our visibility is a sign of revolt. We cannot be stopped. We are everywhere. We are bisexual, lesbian, gay and transgender people.

We will not rest until we are all free, until our basic human rights are protected under federal law, until our relationships and families are not just tolerated, but recognized, respected and valued, until we have a national health care system, until there are cures for AIDS and cancer. We deserve nothing less. We cannot be stopped.

Remember we have every right to be in the world exactly as we are. Celebrate that simply and fiercely.

—Lani would like to thank Loraine Hutchins, Bill Mack, and Brett Beemyn for their input.

The Safe Sex Clubs

by Carol A. Queen

It was such a big step to ignore the voices of my female conditioning—that was the threshold I had to first cross into my first Jack-and Jill-off party. Nice girls don't go sniffing like beasts around warehouses full of men with erect cocks and other women decked out in lingerie and smelling of hot pussy. Nor do nice girls pester their gay male friends for secret entry to a men's jack-off event the way a few brave, curious bisexual women did: "Just let us watch! We'll hide, you won't even know we're there!" The guys said "nooooooo!" but then everybody decided: maybe this calls for a new kind of party. It was November of 1987. People were growing tired of the way the AIDS crisis had made sex fearsome for so many. Beneath the quiet, grieving facade of the '80s, a new sexual revolution had been fermenting.

Word went out all over the Bay Area sex community. Nothing like this multi-gendered, omni-persuasional, and safe had ever been tried. It wasn't a jack-off party—women would be there. Not a swing party—gay men would be included, fucking would not. Not a freewheeling '70s orgy—those hadn't been run by strict safe sex rules. It wasn't like anything, except maybe the future. It was a new forum for radical sex in uncertain times.

Negotiation can improve any kind of sex, even solo. The night of the world's first mixed-gender safe sex party I made a deal with myself: I could go and just watch, leave if I felt too uncomfortable, or stay and play to my hearts content if my anxiety ebbed. Two hours later I was perched on a woman's knee, stroking one of her breasts while her male partner played with the other, her right hand on his cock and her left on someone else's who had one of his

hands on another guy's dick and the other hand on me. Welcome to the wonderful world of Jack and Jill.

Guess I liked it enough to stay.

Liked it? It was transcendent. Later I sprawled on a sofa, jilling-off furiously. Men and women gathered around me, their hands everywhere. You know that masturbation fantasy where every erotic zone is tended to? This was it! All the while a gay man was whispering nasty things in my ear. I came eight times in ten minutes, and mind you, up until then I'd been a one-per-session girl. When I opened my eyes and started to float back to earth, I saw a group of gay men standing in a semi-circle, jacking-off and marveling. "Look, women really can do that!"

Any phenomenon that resulted in my becoming multiply orgasmic certainly deserved further attention. I decided to stay on as an organizer.

JJO's were my entree into organized group sex. They provided a unique environment, the only place where men, women, and others (gay and straight and every degree of bi, s/m, and vanilla) all met and played together or next to each other, equally and relatively phobia-free. Later I'd run parties myself, and still later a new venue arose for mixed sex play: Club Eros, the successor to that first warehouse South of Market. When it closed, its proprietor Buzz Bense looked forward to retiring from sex club managing, but within weeks another club fell into his lap and is now the only place in the country devoted equally to learning about safe sex and doing it.

Mixed-gender and -orientation parties are safe sex playpens of the highest order. Rules are few but strictly enforced: no fucking without condoms (at JJO's no fucking is allowed, period), no oral-genital/-anal contact without a barrier, no rude behavior. Rude behavior at a sex party is defined as nosing around where you've not been invited to play, and a couple of parties down the line the JJO planners saw fit to get a little more

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explicit about it: Ask before touching. A corollary—and harder to enforce—is Say No when you don't want a particular type of attention. Full consensuality is the ideal. It's a way of providing an atmosphere of emotional safety to all participants, reserved and outgoing alike. Not everyone with group sex fantasies has evolved social skills, and these rules make the parties accessible to as wide a range of people as possible—perhaps even gently teaching them skills they can use when sex is one-on-one.

Where else can you see men in drag—dicks hard and poking forth from spandex or ruffles—stroking-off while they watch a merry-faced lesbian paddle her rhinestone-collared girlfriend's ass until it's pink? Or a woman get her fantasy-come-true: suspended in the air by a dozen men's hands, all jacking off and coming on her as she giggles and wriggles and squeals her pleasure? Where else can you jack-and-jill-off to Ringling Brothers circus music? Where else could you even find this collection of characters, sometimes between 50 and 100 at a time, together in one room?

Something like it is available at LINKS, the Bay Area s/m community's foremost safe sex mixed play party, but the ambience there, of course, is leather-heavy, fetish and s/m scenes far outnumbering those which center around genital sex.

What else do mixed parties have to offer? A new group of buddies who are long on warm, short on judgement. A chance to confront sexual/social bugbears: Is it really okay to watch/be watched? Am I really desirable? Can I really say no and be heard? A chance to watch others who do things differently, to learn from and appreciate others' erotic variety.

One night my partner and I played together with half the room watching us. Nearby stood a woman with a strap-on dildo which rubbed against her clit whenever she touched it. She was gazing into the eyes of a man with tattoos and body rings, jacking off the dildo while he stroked his own cock. As they went faster you

could hear the rings in his cock jungle. The synchronicity of the party worked its magic—hips thrusting and hands flying, they both came at the same time.

Not everyone is content to let the safe sex party enthusiasts peacefully conduct the sexual revolution behind the closed doors of private clubs and warehouses. More than once in the past three years safe sex clubs have been raided and closed by the local police. If club-goers didn't feel like members of a stigmatized minority before these incidents, many certainly did thereafter.

Several safe sex clubs operate in the City today; most serve primarily gay and bisexual men, and at least one, The Ecstasy Lounge, is for women. Women, men and others can be found playing together at private Queen of Heaven Pagan Parties, at Club Eros' mixed nights (the only mixed party which is open to the public), and of course, at the monthly Jack-and-Jill-Offs sponsored by Mother Goose Productions. All of these are polymorphous gatherings for which the term "bisexual" provides only a limited description: while many party-goers are bisexual, that's just the beginning. Mother Goose, responding to an extremely high male-to-female ratio at its parties, has just instituted the newest innovation in the safe sex party world, the "New School for Social Masturbation." It seeks to instruct its participants in being the kind of people anyone would want to meet at a safe sex party: from now on, people desiring to go to a JJO will have to attend class first. The male-to-female ratio at Club Eros is also very high, and many of the men who attend are straight—though in the absence of lots of women to pursue, who knows how the guys will be identifying by the parties end?

I know I'm in San Francisco when I look around at a party and see revelers representing just about every entry in the sexual lexicon, all dressed up in sexy clothes (or none at all) and growing more proficient with condoms and gloves by the minute. The safe sex hosts continue to give

parties for two reasons: for the sheer joy of facilitating the coming together of such real, live, pulsing diversity, and for the high-minded purpose of proving to rooms full of people that sex can be plentiful, promiscuous, hot and safe.

Group sex experiences are not for everyone. To have fun at a group event a person must not be too shy, must be as willing to hear a "no" in response to popping the questions as a "yes," must be willing to say "no" in response to someone else's request to play, and most importantly, they must want to be there. Their partner, if they've brought him/her along, has to want to be there, too. For some of us, group experiences are whipped cream on the hot cocoa of a sex life that would still be perfectly tasty without it. To others, the advent of the safe sex parties is a lifesaver—some of us would be seeking out group experiences anyway as an integral part of our erotic fulfillment. Group sex has become an important part of my erotic life, and I love it as much for the way it continually helps me undo my "good-girl" conditioning and remake myself as for the sights, sounds, and smells.

Perhaps most of all I love the safe sex parties for their insistence that sex can be as precious (and as safe) in threes, fours, and dozens as in twosomes!

—Carol A. Queen is a San Francisco writer, sex educator, bisexual community activist and a sex party aficionada. Portions of this article appeared in a different form in THE REALIST



MIXED SEX CLUBS

CLUB EROS: The only party which is open to the public. Women are encouraged to bring friends or partners; be prepared for a lot of attention from men. If this is your thing, go to town! Call the Eros Events Line at 415/864-EROS.

JACK-and-JILL-OFFS: Semi-private group. Write them at Mother Goose Productions, POB 3212, Berkley, CA 94703. Enclose a SASE and a request for information, and perhaps they'll send you an application and an invitation to attend the New School for Social Masturbation.

S/M PARTIES (like LINKS): Like single-sex parties, are best accessed through the s/m community. Join the society of Janus (mixed) or Outcasts (all women, including TS) and if you express your interest and comport yourself well, invitations to play parties will surely follow. Society of Janus can be contacted by sending a SASE to POB 6794, San Francisco, CA 94101.

WOMEN ONLY PARTIES

ECSTASY LOUNGE: call the Ecstasy Hotline at 415/267-6915 for party places and times.

MOTHER GOOSE PRODUCTIONS: holds occasional women's parties (see address above).

MEN ONLY PARTIES

CLUB EROS: has men's parties several times weekly. Call the Eros Events Hotline above for specific information.

COMMUNITY OF ST. MATTHEW: hosts men's parties several times weekly. Call 415/863-HEAD for more information.

SAN FRANCISCO JACKS: is the area's longest-running men's JO club. They meet Monday nights; call 415/979-0537 for more information.

Gadfly Bi...from page 11

comes up with a large paperback book. This one looks like it weighs as much as a small child. The title is *Queer Politics, A Reader: How to be Earnest and Sincere in the Struggle to Create a World Without Those Who Dare to Think Otherwise.*

"Thank God!" Your guide's left shoulder comes up from near the ground where it was hovering and joins the right one once again. "I've been trying to unload that one all day!"

"I thought that there were a lot of political people in the City," you ask.

"There are, but some people don't seem to want to have anything to do with them."

"Why?"

"Because some people say that some of the politicos are, well..." Your host pauses and looks around checking out the bicycle messengers and their radios. "Speak quietly, the very air has ears. You didn't hear this from me, but sometimes people just go away."

"Where do they go?" Images of G. Gordon Liddy's queer children begin to haunt the Watergate Hotel of your mind.

"Nowhere specifically, but maybe their work has trouble getting noticed, maybe people send nasty letters to the editors of the queer zines and rags with information designed to discredit opposing voices. Not that you heard this from me. I'm happy with things the way they are! You hear me? H-A-P-P-Y!! Without my Labels I am Nothing!"

"That's okay. You seem awfully nice, what are you doing Saturday night?"

"They flash you a smile that would make the Pope question his own queerness until he remembers that he gets his jollies off in front of a small representation of a semi-clothed man, crucified, wearing a crown of thorns, several times a day. "Going out with you?"

"That's what I was hoping you would say." You shoulder the bag and walk down the street naked with a fierce-looking



transvestite at your side. Maybe this living in the City thing isn't so hard, frustrating or confusing after all. And maybe live monkeys will fly out of my butt and Pat, Les and Strom will all publicly profess their undying love for each other and all queer men.

I wouldn't bet on it. I read the odds aren't that good in *Finding Lasting Love in the Castro Street Bars and Other Statistical Improbabilities: A Study for Black Gay Men*. This one was put out by the Keep the Castro Dime-Free Association. I detect serious perpetration here.

Until next time I remain, a grateful, Mecca-dwelling Gadfly-bit with a lot of books to read.

Straight Poop...from page 13

"brilliant idea," she starts, "however, don't you think the boys at the FDA might just have a say in the matter?"

"I was shocked. "Are you really so concerned about the government?", I asked. "What business is it of theirs?"

"I must admit that although I am not all blind and deaf to politics, I'm not one to be completely overwhelmed by big brother or something. I would hate to become one of the types that is looking for a government agent around every corner. As far as I'm concerned, what goes on in the bedroom should only concern the five people involved."

"As we settled the check I just sighed, "Well Agnes, what does one wear to a revolution?"

In a serious tone my friend concluded, "Face it. Merely being bisexual, lesbian, or gay is a political act!"

The Enemy Is In My House

by Naomi Tucker

The following article on domestic violence is in response to its growing recognition as one of the major physical, spiritual, sexual, and mental health crises for women and for communities at large. In keeping with the sexuality theme of this issue of *Anything That Moves*, this article focuses on how partner abuse can affect one's sexuality. As a vehicle of communication within the bisexual community, ATM is committed to exploring the topic further by presenting a series of articles on domestic violence in upcoming issues. Future articles will present more details on the dynamics of battering, the impact on the bisexual community, issues for gay and bisexual men battered by their male partners, and looking towards a unified oppression-based analysis of battering in our society. We welcome your comments and your personal stories, which may be published anonymously for your protection.

In the 1970's when the battered women's movement was born from the feminist consciousness-raising movement, many of its leaders were lesbian and bisexual women, women of color, battered and formerly battered women—women whose voices were not being heard by society. Ironically, our society then created white, heterosexual, mainstream response models, ignoring the needs of the very women who first spoke out. Traditionally, domestic violence has been confined by our sexist society to a "women's issue," without acknowledgement of its direct impact on the emotional, physical, spiritual, and sexual health of our communities.

One question that is often ignored is how abuse affects one's sexual self. In this department we have much to learn from sexual assault survivors, although the

dynamic of maintaining a romantic relationship with your abuser lends a unique dimension to survival and recovery issues.

So what is it like to be in love with the person who tortures you, to sleep with the person who tells you you're worthless, to say good morning to the person who raped you the night before? Believe it or not, this is a very real situation for women of all sexual orientations. The numbers are shocking. Statistics show that 50% of all women have been or will be abused in a relationship, whether their partner is a woman or a man. If you have not experienced this yourself, you probably know someone who has. But because of the shame and silence surrounding this issue, most women do not share with others the truth about the abuse they live at home. And many women will not identify their partner's behavior as abusive—because there were no bruises, because "I'm not like those battered women," because "she only hit me once," because "he only does it when he's drunk," because "I deserved it," because "I started it," because "she always tells me it's my fault so maybe it is," because of all the self-blame women are taught to swallow from the time we learn to talk.

Being abused in a relationship differs from stranger attack, molestation, mugging, acquaintance rape, or incest in that there is an ongoing intimate relationship between the survivor and the abuser. Although all of these forms of physical, sexual, and emotional violence against women share common roots and certainly common after-effects, women who are abused by the very partner they chose to be with, who promised to love and cherish them forever, carry a particular form of self-blame that is happily perpetuated by a society that says to

women "You made your bed; now lie in it." Moreover, women abused by the person they love can be locked into the relationship through the iron grip of love, fear, passion, death threats, economics, children, a place to live, shattered self-esteem, and outside pressure from family, friends, clergy, or counselors to "keep the family together."

Partner abuse can be devastating to a person's sexual self-esteem, identity, and desires. The effects may last long after the relationship is over, and many women are not even aware that how they behave and feel sexually is connected to how they were treated by their abuser.

Domestic violence can affect sexuality whether or not the abuse was sexual. Most relationship abuse occurs in an ongoing cycle of tension, explosion, and honeymoon. The tension phase feels like walking on eggshells, and the woman senses the abuser's increasing anger or frustration. Everyone's coping mechanisms are different, but because the explosion (acute incident of abuse) is usually short compared to the drawn-out tension phase, and because after the explosion will come the honeymoon where the relationship re-establishes "normalcy," some women actually provoke an explosion just to get it over with, so that they can connect with the "person they fell in love with" again. This can be likened to the way in which seismologists welcome small earthquakes and tremors, because they relieve ongoing pressure beneath the earth that could potentially be disastrous. But getting the explosion over with in that manner is a double-edged sword, as it increases her self-blame and gives her batterer ammunition with which to blame her, messages which are then reinforced by everyone around her who says "yes, you provoked it." Read: and therefore you deserved it.

The power of passion: fantasy or nightmare?

One characteristic of relationships that seesaw between tension and honeymoon is that

when they are not *really bad*, they are often *really good*—and in comparison, the intensity of the high can be nearly addictive. During the honeymoon, sex can sometimes be divine, a passionate renewal of a connection almost severed. Many women who have been abused as children or adults say that a relationship that remains relatively stable, without the intense high periods, is boring; unfortunately the price we pay for the seesaw effect is that it can't always stay up on one end. Many batterers can be extremely passionate lovers (just like anyone else), and some women stay in the relationship because the sex is good, and they don't think they'll get it that good anywhere else.

Passion is exploited in abusive relationships. Since a batterer learns quickly how to manipulate a "victim," during the honeymoon phase they will focus in on precisely what the abused woman needs/wants/desires, and give her a taste of that so she will stay in the relationship. And who doesn't want passion, caring, and wonderful lovemaking? But when "you are the only one for me" becomes a mask for "don't you dare leave me or else," then passion becomes a median of control.

It is not surprising that survivors confuse sex, love, and intimacy because these become one and the same in an abusive relationship. When an abuser demands sex to "prove that you love me," sex is love. When the only way to reach the abuser emotionally is through sex, sex is intimacy. When loneliness can only be cured with a good fuck, sex is love and intimacy. When an abuser says "honey, let's make love" after beating her up, sex and violence become inseparable, and the fabric of the relationship is woven from indistinguishable threads of love and fear.

A surprisingly large number of women in abusive relationships say they are or were not sexually abused by their partner. Yet if you ask the right questions, you will find many stories of how the abuser always wants to have sex after a battering incident; how the survivor gives in to sex to avoid a

violent incident; how her abuser destroys sexual self-esteem by insulting her during sex, insulting her body, or withholding sex as punishment. Rape still holds the connotation of physical force, and while many women do experience physically violent rape at the hands of their partner, an entire dimension of sexual violence in relationships never involves the use of a fist. Coercion involves any kind of power dynamic—whether actual physical restraint, threat, intimidation, or simply a woman's well-justified fear of consequences if she does not succumb to her abuser's wishes. These consequences are based on the history of power and control in a relationship, which is why it is imperative to examine domestic violence in context, in order to identify abuser and abused. "Emotional" sex abuse includes threats, intimidation, blurred boundaries of consent, disrespect for another's feelings around sex, denigration of another's body or sexuality.

So during the relationship, sex takes on a great deal of baggage. It can become everything from the one shining light in the relationship to the seat of greatest fear. Sometimes it represents control, powerlessness, self-blame, loss of self-respect, the ultimate betrayal; sometimes it symbolizes a way of still feeling wanted, desired, loved. It is a cure for loneliness or the loneliest moment in time, and everything in between.

When it is not safe to be safe

Another area of sexuality that is greatly affected by partner abuse is the issue of safe sex. In relationships between women, this is compounded by our cultural denial that women can transmit HIV and other STDs to one another. Neither the medical community nor AIDS groups have taken domestic violence into account in studying HIV and other STD transmission rates. Yet battered women often fall in a high risk category for several reasons.

First, either because of the abuser's control or because of the false sense of security promoted by notions of fidelity, most women

in abusive relationships do not have safe sex with their abuser. Abusive relationships often carry the double standard that exemplifies our sexist society: the batterer is irrationally jealous, accuses the battered woman of sleeping with everyone from grocery store clerk to the paperboy, and flies into a rage if she glances sideways while walking down the street; however, the batterer may have intermittent or ongoing affairs while flatly denying this fact.

Second, when sex becomes one of the abuser's arenas of control in the relationship, the abuser demands total fidelity. Unsafe sex then implies ownership and a mandated show of trust to the abuser. In this way, a pretense of monogamy creates a dangerous fallacy of protection from HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases.

Needless to say, battered women cannot count on their partners for honest discussion around sexual history and practice. The level of trust regarding sexual contact outside the relationship is also severely decreased, if not destroyed, by the power dynamic of the relationship.

In fact, a number of women seeking services from domestic violence programs report a variety of gynecological problems, and although not all of them make the connection, quite a percentage express concerns that perhaps their partner has insidiously posed a health risk to them.

Finally, ignorant health officials assume that these women, like anyone else, should simply use latex. Not so easy when: (a) your partner claims to be monogamous, though you know this to be a lie, (b) any discussion of safer sex might set the batterer off into an assumption that you need it because you are sleeping around, (c) confronting an abuser on issues relating to sexuality may result in explosions of verbal abuse or physical violence. For many women it is simply not an option to say "Excuse me, can you please put on a condom?" or "Dam it, Janet!" to the terrorist who is controlling their intimate life.

continued next page...

Homophobia: old weapon with a new twist

Add to all of this mess the issue of sexual identity, and the problem is compounded for lesbian, bisexual, and hetero women alike. In same-gender couples, one common control tactic is for the abuser to threaten to out her partner in arenas where she might be closeted or most vulnerable—to her family, at work, in the family law courts. Custody battles are one of the worst manifestations, as lesbianism is grounds for removal of the children from the home in this great land of ours.

In heterosexual couples, it is common for male batterers to call their partner a lesbian (as if that were the greatest insult in the world). The lesbian accusation is also used to isolate her from any networks of friends. Since any form of woman-bonding is threatening to a man attempting to fully control "his woman," he calls her best friend (or her counselor, or the woman at work who tries to help her, or the staff at the battered women's shelter) a lesbian and tells her she can no longer associate with them—i.e., with her only support network.

Continuing under the heterosexist assumption that any female support is lesbian, and therefore bad, the batterer uses this weapon all the way up through the court system, where he ultimately attempts to take her children on the grounds that she is an "unfit mother." This is the oldest trick in the book, and it works—regardless of the woman's actual sexual identity. Countless women have lost their children to this institutionalized homophobia. And what does that do to her own sexuality? Imagine the women who do come out to themselves as lesbian or bisexual, trying to feel good about their identity when it is being smeared on the courtroom walls and used to alienate their children. Imagine the women who identify as heterosexual, desperately denying claims of "illicit lesbianism" in order to hang on to their kids—think of the homophobia that this perpetuates. In no uncertain terms, she learns

that the last thing she would ever want to be is lesbian or bisexual. In no uncertain terms, she learns that her big mistake was seeking support from a community of women. And here we have come full circle: woman-bonding loses out to male control.

Healing the sexual self

If a woman manages to confront all the odds against her and successfully leave the relationship without being killed, pursued, or dragged through the emotional ringer on a regular basis by her perpetrator, she can begin to heal from all of these devastating blows to her body and spirit. The rebuilding of a sexual self is merely one small aspect of this healing. Lasting effects from partner abuse on a woman's sexuality include shame around sex and sexuality, lack of sexual desire, fear that she will never regain sexual desire, sexual inhibition, fear that she will always have to get hurt to get sex, negative body image.

This is also the time when some women generalize the abuse to the gender of their partner, and feel like giving up on that gender. So someone who was battered by a man may seek out the women's community as a safety zone, and someone who was battered by a woman may seek out a man because she is disillusioned with the so-called nurturing of lesbian relationships. It is important to remember that abuse in relationships is about power and control. It can occur along gender lines (and in fact 95% of heterosexual domestic violence is perpetrated by men against women), but there are many other factors that can create a power dynamic when gender is not the prevailing factor.

For survivors of partner abuse, future sexual encounters will often trigger memories of the abuse, including stirring up previously blocked memories of childhood abuse that she could not have safely dealt with while in the violent relationship. Women who are abused or formerly abused may have difficulty trusting, being intimate, setting boundaries, making decisions,

knowing what they want, or identifying/expressing feelings and desires, as all of these things were unsafe to do while in the relationship. It is often difficult to be present in one's body, and "numbing out" is a common coping mechanism that rears its ugly head in both emotionally and sexually intimate moments.

In abusive relationships, love, pain, caring, and hurt become one. The inability to distinguish between love, sex, and intimacy, a problem common to survivors of all forms of sexual abuse, becomes both a barrier to getting close to people and a drive to always be in some kind of sexual relationship, however unhealthy. The pop-psych term "sex and love addict" is more, in my opinion, a very logical reaction and coping mechanism in response to a very messed up society that allows this kind of abuse to continue.

Surviving an abusive relationship reshapes and deeply affects one's sexuality, because it is a part of one's sexual experience. The experiences of abuse will not be forgotten, even after the major emotional scars have healed. Healing, then, is a process of integrating these experiences into one's life in a way that can change the direction from pain and suffering to inner growth and self-acceptance.

Why is this important to the bisexual community?

Every community, including the bisexual community, needs to acknowledge and confront domestic violence in its midst, and create systems of support for survivors. If you want to know more about how partner abuse affects bisexuals, and how the problem may be similar to or different from battering in heterosexual, lesbian, and gay relationships, look for our upcoming article in Issue #7 of **ATM**.

If you have been abused, know that it is not your fault and that you deserve support and safety. If you have been abusive, know that you are accountable for your actions and get help now.

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE RESOURCES: WOMEN

WOMAN Inc.: Has a 24-hour crisis line (415/864-4722), counseling, support for lesbians in abusive relationships, and referrals for batterers who are lesbian.

Naming The Violence: Speaking Out About Lesbian Battering
by Kerry Lobel, ed., NCADV, Seal Press, 1986. An anthology of personal accounts.

Violent Betrayal: Partner Abuse in Lesbian Relationships
by Claire M. Renzetti, Sage Publications, Newburg Park, CA, 1992. Contains a comprehensive resources listing of lesbian battering programs/services nationwide.

Getting Free by Ginny NiCarthy, Seal Press. A handbook for women in, or leaving, abusive relationships.

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE RESOURCES: MEN

CUAV (Community United Against Violence): Has a 24-hour crisis line (415/333-HELP) for gay or bisexual men battered by a male partner.

MOVE (Men Overcoming Violence): Service for men of all sexual orientations who batter.
415/777-4496.

Men Who Beat The Men Who Love Them: Battered Gay Men and Domestic Violence by David Island & Patrick Letellier, eds., Haworth/Harrington Park Press, NY, 1991.

For resources outside the Bay Area, call your local battered women's shelter listed under crisis/emergency numbers in the front of the phone book.

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You may also be eligible for a separate component of the study in which participants are reimbursed \$50.00 for giving a semen or vaginal specimen.

Services are confidential and some are carried out in your home. We take referrals throughout California. For more information call:

**California Partner Study
Dept. of Epidemiology
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SF, CA 94143-1347
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Ask Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill

What Your Mother Never Told You...

Dear Uncle Bill:

I was circumcised at birth. I've heard that there are ways to restore one's foreskin. Is this true, and if so, how do I go about doing this?

**Tom
Los Angeles**

Dear Tom:

Male circumcision, the surgical removal of foreskin which covers and protects the head of the penis, is now being considered an unnecessary process by many professionals.

For many men it greatly reduces the sensations felt during sex. The circumcision rate in the U.S. is now steadily decreasing. It is possible to restore a foreskin surgically, but the method endorsed by most "uncircumcision" enthusiasts involves stretching the skin of the shaft until it covers the head of the penis.

What your mother probably never told you was that there are several organizations and publications devoted to the uncircumcision movement. Information and instructions for nonsurgical foreskin restoration are available from UNCIRC, POB 52138, Pacific Grove, CA 93950 (send a SASE).

In the San Francisco Bay Area, RECAP (RECover A Penis) is a support group which meets monthly in San Francisco and San Jose. For information, contact R. Wayne Griffiths, 3205 Northwood Dr. #209, Concord, CA 94520-4506. (He also sells "Foreballs," a gravity-based foreskin restoration extension device that looks like a small barbell and weighs about 6 ounces.)

NOCIRC is a national clearinghouse for information on circumcision and publishes a regular newsletter and offers a variety of materials on this sub-



ject. Write them at POB 2512, San Anselmo, CA 94979-2512.

Any attempts at foreskin restoration should be done with the consultation of a physician. The complete process can take two years or more. However, men who have gone through the restoration process report an increased sense of wholeness, as well as heightened sensitivity of the glans during sex.

Dear Auntie Margo:

I had an incredible experience with my new female lover the other night. It was so incredible, in fact, that I have some questions about it. We were making love for the very first time together and had been kissing passionately for at least an hour and going crazy—we were so hot. We had just taken off our clothes and gotten into bed and my [latex-] gloved hand was in her vagina. She was very slippery and was starting to cum when this amazing thing happened. She sprayed fluid (it was not urine by the looks of its color or by its smell) all the up to my armpit (I was on my knees between her legs). This has happened every time we have made love since. What's going on? Is this fluid safe?

**Ari
San Francisco**

Dear Ari:

You found your lover's G Spot and she had an ejaculation! Obviously, your mother never told you to read the 1982 book, *The G Spot* by Ladas, Whipple, and Perry. According to them, a fluid is produced by the Skene's glands which are found in the spongy tissue surrounding the vagina. The G Spot is in the front of the vagina and is a part of this spongy tissue. It has its own special

sensitivity and with the right rhythm and pressure, in combination with the contractions of orgasm, can cause the fluid to be expelled from the urethra.

The fluid is similar to male ejaculate. It is usually thicker, clearer, and slicker than urine and is not to be confused with the vaginal lubricant that is secreted during sexual arousal. Many women claim that it is easier to have a G Spot orgasm with manual, dildo, or internal vibrator stimulation than it is during intercourse. Or at least, it's more noticeable.

While every woman has a G Spot, not every woman's body produces ejaculate. And there are even some women who claim to have experienced ejaculation from clitoral orgasms. For those women who do ejaculate, there are a great many variations in regards to how, how often, how much, and how far. It is estimated that the percentage of women who have experienced ejaculation may be as high or as low as 40, depending on your point of view.

Interest in this topic blossomed with the publication of *The G Spot*, but many people still do not know about it and much of the information shared is anecdotal. The book has many quotes from women, as well as historical and anthropological references. The new Fanny Fatale video, *How To Female Ejaculate* is also creating interest on this topic. It provides an opportunity to hear women talk about their experiences and they share some real squirts on camera!

It is great that you and your partner enjoy her spurts. Many women feel uncomfortable or embarrassed about ejaculation because they think they are urinating or that they are abnormal. When women and men learn that this is a natural phenomenon, they can relax and enjoy.

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Women who don't ejaculate are fine, too. I have spoken with women, including those who are older, who are very orgasmic and have never felt a lack because they don't ejaculate.

No one has looked for the HIV virus in female ejaculate fluid, but since it is similar to semen, we need to assume that it may not be safe. Although the risk of contracting HIV from oral sex on women is not that great, AIDS educators cannot say female sexual fluids are absolutely safe.

What your mother probably never told you was that Auntie Margo & Uncle Bruce are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, etc. Send them c/o BABN, 2404 California #24, SF, CA 94115. We will only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out...

—Auntie Margo (aka Margo Rila, Ed. D.), is a sexologist, educator, and counselor. She is the Training Coordinator for San Francisco Sex Information; on the faculty of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality; founding member of the Bi Center in San Francisco, and of BiTE (Coalition of Bisexual Therapists & Educators)—

—Uncle Bill (aka Bill Brent), is editor and publisher of The Black Book, a resource guide for the sexual explorer. The current edition is available by sending \$11.95 (plus CA sales tax in CA) to: The Black Book, POB 31155, Dept. ATM, SF, CA 94131. Bill has worked as a switchboard volunteer and supervisor with San Francisco Sex Information

How To Female Ejaculate

Fatale Video, 1992

Reviewed by Teresa Ann Pearcey

While in college, I read an article which claimed that women who "got the bed wet" during sex needed better bladder control. I was mortified. I was a chronic "bed wetter" at the moment of orgasm which, in my case, was usually while masturbating. So, I set out to teach myself to "stop peeing" upon orgasm, but mostly what stopped were my orgasms.

Several years later, *The G Spot*, a book written by Ladas, Whipple and Perry, was published with an entire chapter devoted to "female ejaculation," the ability for some women to propel clear, musky-like fluid from their urethra at the point of some types of orgasms. To my relief, I now felt I had permission to resume my normal sexual function.

It's a sad story for me. Even sadder still, is that today, while many women are capable of ejaculation, they are not in touch with their bodies and their individual sexualities well enough to know that they can. Most men and women still consider ejaculation as something only men do.

For that reason, I find the new Fatale Video, *How To Female Ejaculate*, produced by Fanny Fatale, nothing short of a godsend. In very graphic form, it informs its viewers of the female capacity to ejaculate. Those of us who have privately spent a lifetime feeling odd about our ability, need no longer feel different or alone.

Indeed, I find there is something very powerful about women who ejaculate in the presence of each other. I've heard rumors of an isolated African tribe who have a ritual among its female members which incorporates female ejaculation. It's called "spraying the wall" and they compete for distance and accuracy. What a way for women to bond!

I felt similar sense of bonding and competition while viewing

How To Female Ejaculate. Until then, I had only seen two other women ejaculate—one in a porn video and the other in person. In both instances, it was a powerful and erotic experience for me. In viewing the Fatale Video, my sense of bonding was heightened by the number of participants (four). One woman in particular aroused my competitive nature, she being the one who shot farthest and the most frequently. I would easily dub her the "Olympic" female ejaculator. Although I'm not convinced that this was a positive response on my part, nonetheless, I found myself wanting to learn how she does it so that I could too.

I watched the video in a room full of women during a bisexual speaker's seminar. Several of them commented on having feelings of inadequacy in not being able to perform like the women in the video. Some feared a new standard of sexual excellence was being set that would lead to feelings of shame and frustration for women who cannot or do not ejaculate. The underlying question which seemed to be raised in this discussion, and which is never properly addressed in the video is: "Do all women possess the ability to ejaculate?"

The video jacket makes the following claim: "Yes, every woman can ejaculate! Let Fanny and her class show you how." The video states that all women have the biology necessary for ejaculation. However, some sexologists and doctors dispute that claim. In the discussion group, many women felt that perhaps not all women have the ability to ejaculate and thus, it is unfair and dangerous to lead women to believe that they can and should. *How To Female Ejaculate* does not resolve this question. Fanny Fatale does not reference the sources of her information in the

continued next page...

video, nor is she a medical doctor.

That a majority of women do not experience ejaculation could be a result of cultural oppression/suppression or that simply, that is just the way it is, no matter how much knowledge and technique is dispensed. I believe that the reason there are disparate views on this topic and that there are a great number of women who do not know about female ejaculation, points to a suppression of information due to the underlying sexism of this society. Female ejaculation could be perceived as a threat to female stereotypes because it is anything but passive. It also threatens men's perceptions of their own masculinity.

I had a discouraging experience when I tried to talk to a doctor once about my ejaculations. He looked at me gravely and pronounced it a "physical impossibility" because he had "never read about it in medical school." Although I didn't follow

the impulse, I had an immediate urge to assume a prone position on the exam table to give him some first-hand experience—all over his reading glasses.

Visually, *How To Female Ejaculate* is excellent. I think every woman should be so blessed as to witness (or better yet, to participate in) a group of women masturbating and ejaculating. It is erotic, empowering, and hits somewhere primal (no pun intended). I also think this video is not the final word on the subject. More research needs to be documented and women need to come forward with their experiences and feelings about female ejaculation.

If you want to try your hand at female ejaculation, Fanny's video is a great primer. Even if you don't ejaculate, you're sure to enjoy the homework. *How To Female Ejaculate* is \$39.95 and is available by mail order (1-800-845-4617), at Good Vibrations, and other locations.



46

Erotophobia & the Bi-Nervous

by Carol A. Queen

I have heard too many people acknowledge their bisexuality, then leap to add, "But that doesn't mean I'm promiscuous" or "That doesn't mean I'm a swinger" or "That doesn't mean I'm kinky!"

I know, as I hope we all do, that bisexuality can "mean" countless things sexually, including celibacy. But a too-quick rush to identify what bisexuality does not mean concerns me. Much has been written about biphobia, and even more about homophobia. Occasionally, someone will even mention "heterophobia," an antipathy with far less power. We analyze our experiences and develop our politics based on our understanding of these emotional-impulses-turned-social-forces. But we rarely address their underlying source, a phobia that affects nearly all of us because we were born into a society grounded in it. This is erotophobia—the fear of sex and sexuality.

We often get just enough sex education from our parents and schools to make us painfully worried—the "consequences" of sex are emphasized, and we sense we haven't learned enough to do it "right." Many get even less sex education than this; only a lucky few get more. And most of this is not information about how to have sex, how to pleasure someone, how to determine how you might like to be pleased, how to take care of yourself, and how to set limits while still respecting the other person's desires.

Women, especially, are expected to know little or nothing about sex—knowing too much, even after feminism and the "sexual revolution," makes us suspect, possible sluts. Imparting knowledge to a partner—especially

male—can be met with great defensiveness. (Men, on the other hand, are supposed to know it all, even though lots of the information they purportedly "know" is wrong or half-wrong; or it's right for their last partner, but because different partners often like different things, it loses its usefulness.) Many adults can talk about sex as a topic, but can't get the words out in their own bedrooms that would assure them greater pleasure with a partner or protect them against disease or pregnancy. The situation for adolescents, swimming towards formative experience in a sea of hormones, is even worse. And if this were occurring in a social vacuum we might have half a chance, but the government is hell-bent on curtailing access to sexually explicit materials—both pornography (the under-educated man's sex education) and actual educational material—especially for teens.

What, you may be wondering, does this diatribe have to do with me? We're members of a sexual minority community. We have to think and talk about sex for our very survival. It's those poor, ignorant hets who have the problem with sex—coming out as bi or queer gives us access to the only communities in our society where sex is really okay.

Well, that's close to true, for some of us. People in queer communities experience sexual difference as an issue and want to understand, even politicize, it. This (not Mom and Dad or the high school teacher) has been the real beginning of many of our sex educations.

But politicizing sexuality is not the same thing as knowing about sex. Having dish sessions with your fellow sexual exiles is not the same thing as knowing how to ask for what you want in bed. Defining your sexual otherness more on the basis of what you are *not* (kinky, swinger...) than what you desire sounds much too much like the thought process of Joe "At Least I Ain't No Homo" Sixpack.

Many of us bisexuals are especially challenged in this regard because we are often

viewed (and may see ourselves) as having one foot in the heterosexual world. Seeing heterosexuality as "normal" pervades, even if we have taken a self-conscious stand to scoff at the Normals and embrace Queerness. We may tend, perhaps not even consciously, to distance ourselves from the queerer queers, attempting to construct even our same-sex relationships in a traditional image: monogamous; long-term. Or we may save the sex for our same-sex relationships, a fitting place for it because both sex and homo-ness are somehow beyond the pale.

Then there's the foot we have in the gay world. The other side of this coin is the queer who insists that if you're not playing slap-and-tickle games with every pierced and tattooed he-she (and her dog) on the block, you're not queer enough. Both hypothetical sorts of bisexual are singing the oldest song in the erotophobic book, a tune we learned at the nuclear family's knee: *At Least I'm Not Like That!*

To recover from the erotophobia it is necessary first to honor your own erotic life, just as it is. It is born of a sometimes sticky admixture of desire and the often ridiculous stories you were told about sex, gender and pleasure at a time when you had too little information (or power, since you were probably just a kid) to say, "oh, **please**, Mom/Dad/Teacher/Reverend, that is such **bullshit!**" Since you didn't have control over the information you were fed, there's no use beating yourself up now.

Next, honor the things you want but don't have. With luck someday you will, and honoring them now will save you the trouble when your dreams come true. It will probably also aid you in attaining them.

Then understand that you can apply this process of understanding, honoring and any necessary forgiveness to everyone else, even Mom/Dad/Teacher/Reverend, even if the messages you got from them were worthless, even hurtful. Know that if others fucked you up, or tried to, it was a shadow of the sexual turmoil in

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their own lives, even if the turmoil was so far buried in denial that they could never so much as acknowledge it was there. As Steven Brown is fond of saying, "People who are having satisfying orgasms tend to be a lot less worried about how other people are having theirs."

In short, not only is there no need for you to get your panties in a knot about what other people are doing consensually, you can be perfectly willing to support them in doing these things even if you have NO desire to ever do them yourself. If you are happy about your own and others' orgasms, why waste time telling people what you don't do? (Unless of course, they ask.)

A necessary step in this process is often to get more information about all those other ways people are having sex. Look at it this way: if society tells lies about you, is it such a stretch that what you think you know about

continued next page...



other people could use an injection of reality? And just as you might prefer to speak for yourself on topics of immediate importance to you, the best place for information about any form of sexual behavior is always from the people who practice it. The second best place is from students of sexuality who already have the same attitude about sex we're trying to develop here—the opposite of erotophobic: call it *sex-positive*.

When there are no wrong or sick or bad forms of consensual sex, a striking conceptual shift can happen. People in all our diversity start seeming much less different. It is simply that there are fewer barriers to recognizing our commonalities when we are not engaged in drawing lines between us.

Bi-nervousness disappears when erotophobia does. What we're afraid of after all, is sexual difference—including our own—in a society that seems to believe the only appropriate use for sexuality is selling commodities and spawning offspring. When we can trust that it is okay to be bisexual exactly the way our desires are leading us to want to be, and that if someone else happens to experience her/his bisexuality differently, that's okay. We as a community can emerge as leaders against society's pervasive, poisoning erotophobia. We have to come to terms with desire for our own and the other sex as well as fight homophobia and "heterophobia." It is not such a big step to honor the impulses that lead us to bisexuality: erotic love and sexual desire.

Let's not announce our bisexuality with "I'm not like that!" Let's announce it with "I'm not erotophobic."

—Carol A. Queen speaks regularly for the wonders of sexual diversity and says, "In the Bay Area our front-line erotophobia-fighting unit is San Francisco Sex Information." (She's on the training staff.) Call 415/621-7300 for training info. And read Julia Hutton's book Good Sex (*Cleis*, 1992), in which sexual variation is presented as normal and worthy."

Sci-Fi

The Shaft Taker

by Charles Davis

Fire Island lay lazily at the center of a cluster of stations at ell-four. The rings rotated around a spindle, providing gravity for the permanent residents and guests of one of Terras' most exclusive resort spots.

WELCOME TO
FIRE ISLAND STATION!
OUR COURTEOUS STAFF
IS AT YOUR SERVICE.
NO PROBLEM IS TOO BIG
OR TOO SMALL!
THANK YOU FOR COMING.
ENJOY YOUR STAY!

Willie wandered around the station for hours taking in the sheer exotic eroticism of it all. He had expected some pseudo-greco/roman decor with plenty of statues of naked men. What he found was something so tastefully and magnificently decadent that he began to feel uneasy at the opulence of it all.

On the walls were three-dimensional, total environment, multi-media tableaus combining video, audio, painting, sculpture, architecture and olfactory artistry. Willie stopped and stared at one—a picture of a river running by a Southern plantation-style house. The grass was wet and he could feel the humidity rising off it as it dried from a summer thunderstorm. Children played somewhere in the background and a light breeze now kicked up and blew the scent of magnolias and honeysuckle into his face. On the porch, far across the opulent, rolling lawn, he saw three men, two sitting back in chairs sprawled out, while a third knelt before them both servicing them manually and orally.

"Magnificent work isn't it?" A strong male voice came from behind him. Willie, his reflexes still jacked from time in

the Rio Combat Zone, spun around reaching for a weapon that wasn't there. "I'm sorry." The man pronounced with a Canadian accent so it came out sory. "I didn't mean to startle you. I think it's his best work. Gedans'. I mean. You heard of him?"

"That's okay. And yes I've heard of Gedan," Jessie bristled. "It's an amazing piece of work. It even smells like Louisiana in the summer." Willie cruised the man up and down. This is nice. He liked his lips.

"You from there?" The man stepped forward slightly invading Willie's body space.

"Yes, originally. You?"

"Montreal."

"I'm Willie." He extended his hand.

"Jessie." The man took the proffered hand. "It's cold! You a cyborg?"

Willie took his hand back quickly. "Just the arm and eyes." He tapped the side of his head. "Does that bother you?"

"No. What happened?" He looked at Willie's eyes. "I hope that doesn't bother you."

Willie's gut told him Jessie didn't care but his hormones overrode his cynical instincts. "No, it doesn't. I lost the arm during the Second Battle of Jerusalem in fifty-seven. I lost the eyes in the Moscovite War. Gas."

"You a soldier?" Jessie's green eyes widened slightly.

"No, next best thing, war correspondent."

"Who for?"

"United Medias International."

"Interesting."

"You?"

"I'm an environmental protection lawyer before the World Court in Berlin, but I do most of my work up here now. I almost never get down to the Dirt." Jessie

spat the word. "I didn't stop to talk about work. Would you allow me the pleasure of buying you a drink?"

"Works for me." Willie smiled at the pun. Jessie rolled his eyes toward the ceiling where holographic cranes flew overhead as they walked across a lake of shimmering blue water. Willie put his arm in the crook of Jessie's elbow and let himself be guided toward the center of the station.

Willie leapt back onto Jessie's slur about the 'dirt' like a pit bull's jaws on a rabbit. "How can you practice environmental law if you don't go Earthside?"

Jessie rolled his eyes slowly. "I telecommute. I also have a loyal team of associates in Montreal and Berlin who do all my mud-baby work for me."

"Who do you work for? I didn't think Greenpeace or the Gaia Preservationists could pay high enough salaries for you to live here?"

"I'm a hired gun so to speak. I mostly represent zaibatsus who are brought up on charges of environmental crimes against humanity." Willie detected contempt in his companion's voice.

"So why don't you ever go down?"

"It's crowded, I don't want to get jumped or kidnapped and I'm not about to start injecting melanin into my skin to protect me from eu-vees. Anything else or can we have a good time now?"

"Hey, it's the Stonewall Centennial, of course we're going to have a good time." What the hell? Willie looked at Jessie's sculpted face. What this guy does for a living is no concern of mine, really.

Jody's Wild Side Bar and Zero-Grav Jai alai Stadium was at the center of Fire Island nightlife. Jessie and Willie walked into a crowd of men that reminded Willie of Beijing. The bodies were packed in tight as to boggle the imagination. All of them were perfectly tanned, bronzed, oiled and muscled. Every man in the place moved like a predatory animal. Several were naked. A group of men stood off to one side

of the throng under a fixture of hanging floodlights having a vertical circle jerk. Their black-avisored groins stood out in stark relief against pale—almost translucent—skin that marked them as permanent spacers.

Jessie steered them over to one of the windows where they could best see two young men playing jai alai in the zero gravity of the spindle. The players floated and bounced and leapt—their bodies glistening with oils. Willie sat down and took a tube of Lynchburg lemonade sipping it slowly.

As the night, as if that had any meaning here, progressed on, Willie found his senses dulled. When Jessie offered to take him back to his room he stood immediately.

"I'll follow you anywhere."

"Good. That's just fine."

Jessie took Willie's hand and led him off to his apartment at the Fire Island residential ring.

Willie knew he was in trouble when he saw Jessie's trophies. A large mahogany case dominated the rooms' west wall, drawing Willie towards it. On the black, crushed velvet lining, in twelve rows, twenty to each row, stood hardened, black penises. A grisly, obscene castration object d'art come to life in an anachronistically distinguished frame.

Willie drew closer, his heart beating so hard he put his hand over it as if to stop it from leaping from his chest. He pressed against the glass to eliminate the glare. Each penis had its own stand and snaps for attaching them to a harness.

He suppressed the urge to reach through the glass and touch the penises to reassure himself that they were just expensive plastic replicas artfully rendered. They had to be. The rich were weird, everyone knew that, and these orbitals were the most warped of the lot. He thought of the story he had read about some German national staying at the Crystal palace at ell-five who had paid some obscene sum to have a series of multi-colored monkey brains vat-grown for diners at a

New Years Eve party.

Running away from the more disturbing possibilities, his mind searched the room for something more comforting. His overnight host had money and seemed nice enough. Too cultured and urbane to have something like that case, but some men got off on black dicks.

The bed frame and nightstands were made of moon-obsidian and Sequoia. The entire room spoke of expensive tastes and resources enough to indulge them all.

"Do you like my trophy case?" Jessie walked out of the bathroom, a violet silk robe open in front.

"Yes, it's very..." Willie looked at his hosts' penis. Surrounded by a sea of white skin and blonde hair, a large, chocolate phallus rose like an island tower. It flopped up and down hypnotically. "...interesting," he finished, finding his voice.

"Um, what are they made of?" Willie, against his better judgment, began removing his clothes slowly. His head was foggy and vague from the drink and a designer recreational virus Jessie had ordered. He continued to glance from Jessie's face to his unnatural member.

"I really don't want to talk about my penis collection right now." Jessie let loose a cat-like yawn, showing his magnificently bright and perfect teeth. "I am interested in experiencing yours, though." He smiled and motioned Willie over.

Willie walked slowly, still glancing from the frozen penises to the bobbing one in front of him. He began kissing Jessie's small pink lips, covering them with his own, fuller ones. His hands began to search over the man's hairless body. Where his hands traveled his lips followed.

"Ooh, yes! I like that! Yes, now! Put me in your mouth!" Jessie's voice raised in pitch as Willie's face descended upon his groin. "Yes! Suck me good!"

Jessie turned out to be insatiable, tasting Willie then turning him over and fucking him

continued next page...

with the long black penis. When it seemed that he was almost ready to let him go he would start again until Willie lay back exhausted, basking in a pleasant post-orgasmic nirvana of pain/pleasure.

"That was incredible. Goddess, you've got the stamina of a twenty year old!" Willie leaned back resting his head against the padded headboard.

"Yes, I enjoyed it too. So much so I want to remember it." Jessie leaned over the bed and came up with a syringe.

"Look, man! I don't do heroin and I don't base!" Willie leapt out of bed feeling nervous again.

"Oh, it's none of those things. It's a sedative to help you sleep."

"I think I'd better go." Willie started for his clothes.

"I don't think so, Willie." Jessie stood and began advancing. "You have something I want." He looked down at Willie's groin.

"Not again, Jessie. I'm leaving."

"You wanted to know who made the cocks in my collection. The answer is God did—they're all natural. No artificial colors, plenty of preservatives though." Jessie laughed, looking disappointed when Willie didn't join in.

"Holy shit! What the hell's your damage man!?" Willie began backing towards the door.

"Look, I'll pay you for it. You can get a prostheses, you know one of those myoelectric jobs. Your lover will never know the difference." Jessie smiled again.

"No! Just let me out of here and I won't even tell the cops!" He began looking for a bolt hole, finding none.

"Sorry, I must have that big, black cock of yours. They're beautiful aren't they? So long and handy." Jessie reached out to take Willie's arm.

Willie stood mesmerized by the swinging, erect penis in front of him. Where had it come from? What did this lunatic do with the men who had originally belonged to them?

Jessie brought the needle to bear on Willie's arm.

Willie exploded into action.

In an instant he pivoted on one leg, bringing the other leg up, crashing into Jessie's solar plexus with a crunch of bone. He dropped to the floor kicking the smaller, paler legs out from under their owner. Jessie crumpled.

"You damn jungle-rat!" He rasped. Jessie reached up to hold his chest. "I'll have you killed!"

"I know." Willie said coldly. He retrieved the syringe, plunging it into Jessie's arm.

"I can pay you. I can give you more money than you've ever thought of having."

"I know." Willie walked over to the dresser and picked up one of the small renaissance cherubs sitting on it and hurled it into the case, shattering the glass.

He picked out several lengths of rope, an evil-looking group of surgical clamps and a laser knife unit. He lifted the inert body of his assailant with one arm carrying him and the equipment over to the bed, binding his wrists and ankles to the large, smooth posts and returning to the case.

"One for the mouth, one for the ass, two for your ears, one for the nose," he exclaimed matter-of-factly turning to face Jessie. Five of the largest cocks were cradled in Willie's hands like miniature logs.

"Please, Willie. Don't! I won't do it any more." Jessie's words came out slow and slurred. "I promise."

"You didn't stop before, why should I believe that you'll stop now?" He stared at Jessie, his brown eyes fixed into an unswerving gaze of ideal rage.

"Please!"

"No. I may hate myself in the morning, but right now I'm going to enjoy this for all my brothers. I hope yours get the message." Willie bent over Jessie activating the laser scalpel and went to work modifying Jessie's body. He made no noise in death other than the sizzle of flesh as it was cut and cauterized by coherent light.

Willie pulled his clothes on hurriedly, avoiding the dead gaze of Jessie laying on the bed. He walked to the door.

"Open please." His voice

shook.

"Please state security code," the gender-less computer voice requested politely.

"I don't know what the code is. I'm just a guest that wishes to leave."

"I'm sorry, but without the code I cannot permit you access," the computer replied.

He felt the vibration at the junction of his natural bone and artificial one. The sensations increased, moving into his spine. He felt his field of vision closing in to a dark point but not before the door opened and a pair of uniforms appeared in the hallway. The vibrations wracked his body, throwing it into epileptic type convulsion before he blacked-out.

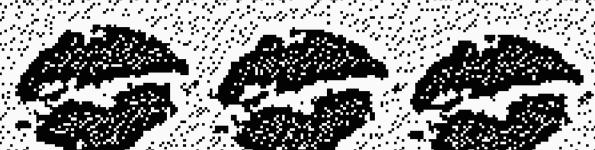


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"My grandmother had a problem with men. I've gone back and done the work and found out I overheard my grandma going off on men when I was four. And I've had problems with my own masculinity because of that...I've been hell on the women in my life, and the women in my life have been hell on me...I love women!...I like seeing two women together...I used a word [nigger] that was taboo. And I used that word because it was taboo. I was pissed off about some black people who were trying to rob me. I wanted to insult those particular black people. I didn't want to support racism. When I used the word faggots, I wasn't coming down on gays. I was coming down on an element of gays...[Bisexuals] Freddie Mercury and Elton John are, like, two of the biggest influences in my life."

—Axl Rose, the homophobic/mysoginist/racist rocker of Guns n' Roses and teen role model—



I claim that women, who have far more violent desires than we for the pleasures of lust, should be able to express them as much as they wish, free from the bonds of marriage, from all the false prejudices of modesty, completely returned to the state of Nature. I want the law to permit them to enjoy as many men as they like; I want the enjoyment of both sexes and all parts of their bodies to be allowed to them as to men; and under the ruling that they suffer themselves to be enjoyed by whoever wants them, they must also be allowed the freedom to enjoy whoever they think is capable of satisfying them.

—Marquis de Sade from *La Philosophie Dans Le Boudoir*



"...I live in Europe where having mistresses is not a big thing. Bisexuality in Europe is natural. People don't gossip about things like that....The relationship with a woman and three guys,

which I would love, wouldn't work unless they were all bisexual and proud of it...In America, bisexuality is such a big deal. Americans are so wrapped up in what is normal, what is right and pure. The only things that are pure are nature and sex...It's exciting to have a different point of view."

—Singer Grace Jones



"How thoroughly tired are those who insist on maintaining such a charade. Being honest about who you are is quite good for the soul. And I'm certain that it prevents unsightly stress lines from permanently settling on your face...If you're a screaming queen, then so be it. Personally, you could never get me to imitate those big old butch boys. It's too bizarre to even consider. Take me as I am—or simply move on."

—Alexander Bard of the pop group Army of Lovers. The Army's Jean-Pierre Barda is also bisexual—



"I believe that the psychology of people like myself will be a matter of interest, and I believe it will be recognized that many more people of my type do exist than under the present-day system of hypocrisy is commonly admitted. I am not saying that such personalities, and the connections which result from them, will not be deplored as they are now, but I do believe that their greater prevalence, and the spirit of candor which one hopes will spread with the progress of the world, will lead to their recognition, if only as an inevitable evil.

—Vita Sackville-West, 1920—



"For the first time, I [met] someone I want to be totally monogamous with. Before, I only took hostages."

—Elton John describing his male lover, "the love of my life"—



"Women are better. But you can't live with a woman."

—Marlene Dietrich's standard answer when asked whether she preferred men or women—



"Most people do think of me as just another pinko faggot, a bleeding heart, a do-gooder. But that's what I am."

—Leonard Bernstein—



"She's a mattress with a microphone. She's living proof of power through crotch."

—Comedian Judy Tenuta on Madonna—



"We need to pose the question, analyze, understand, refuse—refuse to be heterosexual and homosexual, the opposite sex and a sex at all..."

—Stephen Heath, from *The Sexual Fix*—



The Strange and Curious Career of "Tom Smith"

by Paul Smith

So many people are interested in bisexuals lately. Certainly, I believe that people should be interested in us. But I wonder about whether publishers or producers are pandering to a leering audience under the guise of giving us our fair share of space in the media. The publication and broadcasting of Tom Smith's book, *Half Straight: My Secret Bisexual Life* (published by Buff, Prometheus Books, NY, 1992) raises these questions as perhaps never before, and therefore this story deserves scrutiny in the bi press.

Tom Smith (a pseudonym) writes that he has had this most unfortunate condition: Bisexuality, which has caused him to live his regret-ridden life in the closet with everyone he knows. He states, "Although stimulating at times, my life has been plagued with punishing guilt and an all-consuming frustration. I had to let the world know what bisexuality has done to me."

You see, he is "caught in the middle" between being gay and being straight, and none of his straight family, friends or business associates would accept his "duality," since he formed his attachments before he came out even to himself.

Therefore, he is forced to live out "half" of his life in secret. He fears that he will be discovered or that he will contract horrible diseases. He regrets how angry and distant he is from everyone because he has sought to hide his true nature within a self-oppressive stereotype of being straight.

Mike Powers, the publicist for the publisher states that the book was published because "it's

an interesting story; the man is leading a double life." In addition, he points out that the publisher has a First Amendment right to publish the tale, which was recommended to them by Professor Vern Bullough, a sexologist at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Bullough's reason for the recommendation is that there is, "still a lot we do not know about such individuals. What is needed before we can come up with definitive answers is many more studies of individuals who have engaged in widespread bisexual activity. This is why Tom Smith's autobiography is valuable."

This explanation by the publisher is not persuasively benign. On one level, it has certainly helped my own personal growth and pride as a married bisexual father to see how dangerous it is to stay in the closet. But on another level, Smith's story is just another trite, snickering, sordid tale about how awful it is to be bisexual.

I really do not know how to relate to the author of this take. When I first read it, I wondered if some clandestine fundamentalist organization had created an agent provocateur to denigrate us. But I have decided that this was too far-fetched. For the present, I have nothing but sympathy for the author, but not his publisher.

From all appearances, Smith has been victimized as much as any bisexual in the history of the world. He has internalized every oppressive stereotype that has ever been conjured. But that is just it; his publisher lays these marks of a bisexual before the public in blow-by-blow (excuse the pun) detail as

the author's confession and absolution in order to educate a naive public.

However, *Half Straight* has the unmistakable feel of that certain type of Victorian pornography that is couched in a scientific or psychological study of a deviant lifestyle for the enlightenment of humankind but which goes into such a detailed description of the behavior that you get hard nipples just reading it. The bad news is that *Half Straight* is so dead serious that it is only half as much fun.

Additionally, it has that long-ago trite prescription for bisexuals in the closet: wait for society to assume a different attitude so that there is safety in coming out. This appears to me not to be in the offing when the model of bisexuality offered in the book is so sordid, dishonest and uninviting.

Yes, I have troubles with this piece of literature and my troubles are compounded by the way Smith presented himself on the *Geraldo* television show during his publicity tour.

Indeed, the *Geraldo* spot gave us some balanced visibility. Smith appeared on the show with Loraine Hutchins, co-editor of *Bi Any Other Name* (already a classic primer by bisexuals on bisexuality), a male/female bisexual couple in a successful relationship, and two women who had failed relationships with bisexuals. The show was entitled, "Bedding Bisexuals: Doubts, Deception and Dishonesty."

This is not an isolated incident of biphobia by the media. The Associated Press keeps talking about the brains of gay males, but not of women or bisexuals. A small religious press in Louisiana has published the book *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud: The Indoctrination of a People*, by Reisman and Eichel, which alleges that Kinsey unethically used access to young children, among other methods, in order to get America to accept bisexuality and "cross generational sex," i.e., sex with children (Pat Buchanan endorsed the book in 1990 as "social dynamite").

Walter Goodman, a television

reviewer for the New York Times, discussed this issue in his article "TV's Sexual Circus Has A Purpose." In it he says, "These afternoon talkies are the circus sideshows of television, displaying what they consider curiosities for the titillation of the rubes: sexy lesbians, musclemen homosexuals, shaky heteros. Some of these sideshows were served with a garnish of scholarship about giants and dwarfs, but the pitchman had few pretensions in that line."

Goodman says that these shows offer salvation because "[t]hey carry a gospel of tolerance, preaching openness for the unusual and encouraging greater acceptance of groups and behavior that have long been objects of ignorance and fear. To expect much more in the way of ideas in mid-afternoon on the tube is unreasonable." He goes on to say that it could, and has been, a lot worse: "Did you ever watch Howard Stern or Morton Downey, Jr.?"

We have no choice but to appear on these shows; not responding to these outrageous broadcasts would be disastrous. And as Hutchins says, "An informed bisexual community can seize opportunities in the media." Her formula is to follow the advice of Betty Dodson (author of *Sex For One*) who had appeared on numerous talk shows: "Never answer their question; say what you want to say over and over again—no matter what."

Bisexual activist Autumn Courtney believes that there is a definite place for these talk shows. "It's their job; controversy sells. We need to use them to get publicity and visibility. I don't think that it's bad; they are necessary for our movement. We need to manipulate them with trained people—or they will find people whom audiences will intimidate."

The apparent need to pander to the titillation of an audience is the obsession I recognize in the publishers and producers who use figures like Smith to sell soap. But this is not okay. The ways in which we are compelled to speak

of sex and sexuality defines how we relate to it.

Just ask Foucault. He points out that the history of the discussion of sex has been either in the context of the confession or in the language of criminal statutes. The record of other modes of expression is largely lacking. These talk shows are nothing but a post-modern version of the confessional, complete with cartoon character persons pontificating banalities about very important subjects.

A very famous newspaperman once stated something to the effect that journalism was the method by which one sells cheap paper and ink for exorbitant prices. Wars have been started as a result of yellow journalism; do bisexuals think that they are immune? Numerous media theorists have explained how the

media seeks to purvey information to the lowest common denominator in order to ensure payment of the bills. The consequence is that the very reality to which we are forced to respond on these programs or in these articles or books places us on the defensive from the beginning; we are cast as lurid subjects who must seek our own opportunities to address the disgusting preconceptions created by the publisher or producer.

Smith's story presents a good opportunity to showcase the fact that honesty is the best policy and that closets are dangerous. Sympathy for Smith and respect for the other guests is what is appropriate. Instead we are being denigrated and sensationalized in order to sell products. We are being used as bait for ridiculous moral arguments on camera. In short, we are being kept on the defensive. This is not salvation.

National Exposure

by Charles Haynes

In the past, when I've been asked how "out" I am, I've sometimes replied: "As out as you can be without going on national TV." Well, now I have to find a new line. My sweetie and I came out on national TV as bisexuals. Not just on national TV, but on *Geraldo*.

I kid you not. It was one of the hardest, scariest, most outrageous things I've ever done in a life of doing hard scary outrageous things. It also makes me prouder than ever of my wonderful sweetie who is NOT into scary outrageous things, and who is quite private—unlike me.

Here's how it happened: Robyn Ochs, a Boston bisexual activist was contacted by the *Geraldo* show. They were going to do a show including "Tom Smith" the author of *Half Straight: My Secret Bisexual Life* (and a lying scumbag) and were going to pitch it as a show on bisexuality. They said they were going to include a woman whose husband had recently died of AIDS, and who found membership cards to

various gay baths while going through his effects. She is HIV-positive. We had no idea if her husband identified as straight, bi, or gay. Another guest would be "Jane Doe" a married woman who's husband knew and approved of her women lovers.

All of these people would appear in disguise, and would not be using their real names.

Robyn put out a call for happy, out bisexuals in stable, long-term relationships and who were willing to be on the *Geraldo* show under their own names and faces. I read this and said to myself "Damn. She's talking about us."

I contacted Robyn saying that we might be willing, and called my sweetie. She was not enthused. We talked about it for a while, I explained why I wanted to do it, and why I thought we would be a good choice. She explained how hard it would be; how this was not something SHE would have volunteered for, but finally,

continued next page...

after many days of discussion (and my assurance that she could back out at any time and I would not hold it against her in any way) we agreed to do it.

We cancelled all of our commitments for Thursday, asked her mother to fly up to watch our two-year-old, and finalized flight arrangements with the producer of the show.

Robyn told us that she wanted the show to have two experts and would not do the show otherwise (and I agreed with her reasoning and still agree.) My sweetie and I were faced with being the ONLY "voice of sanity and reason" on the show. Yikes.

Robyn said that she had talked to Loraine Hutchins about appearing on the show, who said that she would be willing to do it by herself even though she too agreed that two experts would be best. The producers opted for only one, so Loraine was booked.

Wednesday at work was a nightmare. I couldn't concentrate; I had trouble getting any work done. Every so often panic would wash over me and I would silently scream "WHAT IN HELL HAVE YOU DONE?! YOU IDIOT!" I'd take a deep breath, talk calmly to myself, and the panic would recede for a few seconds. Evidently Janice was having similar problems only much worse.

I talked to Loraine a bit on the phone before we left and got some good advice about appearing on TV: "If he asks a question you don't want to answer, answer a question you DO want to answer. You don't have to answer his question, you don't have to say you won't answer his question, just get YOUR message across." [This helped a lot. Geraldo wasn't some giant media star, he was just a person. I didn't have to run this game his way, we could run it OUR way. Whew.] "If he doesn't seem to be understanding what you are saying, interrupt him and re-state it. Don't be afraid to jump in if he's just not getting it. Condense your message to its essentials, and keep repeating it. When you get anxious, repeat your message to yourself as a mantra."

I called my mom a few nights before we were going to leave and said:

Me: "Hi mom! Guess what. Janice and I are going to be on national TV. What's your worst nightmare?"

Her: "Geraldo."

Me: [Brightly] "Right in one!"

Her: [Silence]

Wednesday night we flew to New York, slept a little on the plane, arrived at 6 a.m., took a limo to the hotel and went back to sleep until 11 a.m. (I had slept. Janice hadn't much). We got ready to go to the studio and dressed in our "happy, successful, attractive" drag. We tried to relax. Fat chance. (Especially since we then took a taxi across town to the studio. Relaxation and New York taxis don't mix, but we did survive.)

Lugging our suitcases up to the front of the building we saw a line stretching out the door and down the sidewalk. It's the audience. We waltz on in and wait for the receptionist to finish with the short gray-haired man in front of us. He mentions that he's going to be a guest on the show. Oh shit! This must be "Tom Smith!" I take a step back and check for psychic cooties.

Perusing the folks in the lobby I noticed a number people dressed all in black, sporting tattoos and various body piercings, wearing "bisexual pride" buttons, pink and blue triangles, linked male/male/female/female jewelry and other familiar icons. I suddenly felt much more at home. It looked like we would have a cheering section in the audience! I could have hugged them. We struck up a conversation, and one of them asked me if Robyn was coming. I mentioned that no, Loraine was going to do the show instead.

"Lorraine? Loraine Hutchins?"

"Yes."

"Ohmigod. I'm not moving. I HAVE to see her. Ohmigod."

Great. I was going to be on TV with God. Fortunately she is a benevolent deity, so it was fun.

We were escorted up to "The Green Room" and entered a new

world. The Green Room is where you wait before going on, where you get made up with monitors on the wall that show what's playing on the other networks, refreshments, and places for people to sit. We sat.

We introduced ourselves to the other people in the room, including a woman with large bright pink triangle earrings. "Hi, you must be Loraine, we're Charles and Janice."

Lorraine was nice, smart, competent, funny, and friendly. We had a good time back in the Green Room psyching each other up and chatting with the other guests. As it turned out, only "Tom Smith" was truly slime, the others were very nice, friendly people; just as scared as we were.

Finally the time came and we were lead to the studio. We stood backstage for a moment then were lead on to get microphones and to take our seats. Sitting there in my comfy chair, I looked out over the audience, spotted our cheering section, smiled, and thought to myself, "Hell, I've dealt with bigger and more hostile crowds than THIS." (Have you ever stood up in front of a room full of 700 X Window System programmers and said "C sucks?" I have.)

Anyway, the lights went up and we were on our way. I think it went well considering the constraints of the venue. We made our points, we managed to keep it from being a show about how icky bisexuals were; how we lie; how we're promiscuous; how we spread AIDS; how we're confused. Instead I think we managed to get across a good powerful message about bisexuality.

After the show was taped, we chatted with the New York bisexual activists from the audience, hugged people all around, got in the limo, drove back to Newark, got on the airplane, drove home, and went to sleep in our very own bed.

Good Sex

Edited by Julia Hutton
Published by Cleis Press, Inc.,
1992
POB 8933
Pittsburgh, PA 15221
\$12.95

Reviewed by Jim Frazin

Now, I like this book. But first I have to tell a story. I was with my lover the summer before last at Orr Hot Springs. After the frenzy of the Gay Pride Parade, we had fled up the coast trading that tantalizing, tumbling sea of queerness for the pacific power of the Northern California coast.

It was late in the summer and despite the drought, everything at the Springs was lush, open, secund. Roses and poppies were gushing and blushing like they were the first ever to bloom and so proud of it. The Orr grounds are small and there were lots of queers and kids, men and women, lots of food and a wonderful communal kitchen—a very bi-feeling place.

My sweetheart was meandering about the pools and I hadn't seen her for a couple of hours. When she did reappear, she was bursting to tell me that she had met these two very interesting women she wanted me to meet. One of the things that prompted her to speak to them was the copy of the anthology, *By Any Other Name* she spied at their pool-side. Being the curious person she is, she stopped to chat and that is how I got to meet Julia and her partner.

Her partner happens to be a private investigator. Ms. Hutton is a veteran of Public Radio and a radio journalist (fascinating combination). The four of us discussed the politics of private investigating, the sociology of public radio, the Bi Movement, parades, labels, and the joys and peculiarities of the ethnic background that we discovered all shared and more. It was lush and engaging. The conversation naturally lead to a discussion of the book that Julia was buried in compiling and editing which turned out to be *Good Sex*.

And good it is. Apparently, some readers have labeled this book

voyeuristic and even pornographic. It is not pornographic but it is quite unassumingly erotic. It is not pedantic or pedagogical but I learned from reading it—about others and about myself. It is not voyeuristic yet, thanks to brief and evocative descriptions by Ms. Hutton, one cannot help but visualize each individual speaker. Nor is it auditory, yet I certainly heard voices—a lot of different voices describing their experiences, their heartaches and their ecstasies (and near ecstasies). This book is lush and engaging in a visceral way. It could have turned out quite clinical, even mechanical—like a peep show. Not so.

These interviews are vignettes and they are a tribute to the compiler's skills as a journalist and editor. What she gives us is a collection of stories which are about real sex. Although it probably is not, *Good Sex* ought to be in that ever-so-American repository of democratic values: the public library. Every damn one of them between here and Kennebunkport. This is how people, real people, have good sex, over coming (no puns intended) all the incredible obstacles thrown, built, dumped, vacated, and otherwise slimed onto their paths as humans by one very determined society—very determined to keep sex from being the joyous, liberating, fun, delicious, ecstatic, unifying and transcending experience that it was meant to be. Practically each vignette is a triumph of return from sexual exile.

Ms. Hutton offers us a slice out of the larger sexual culture which reflects the space and time in which we live. The taped interviews were a distillation of frequently more than two hours with each interviewee. This work taps into a vein of human reality, much like that of Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist or the lesser known Alan Lomax, the ethno-musicologist, who went on a mission to preserve the vast unrecorded and non-commercial ethnic music tradition of the bayous, beer halls, delta and coal mining towns of rural America in the '30s and '40s. *Good Sex* is in these traditions. What a book like *Good Sex* does is fight back the mounting tsunami of sewage threatening sexual diversity in every socio/ecological niche which is not Christian right/white.

The book is organized into six

sections. Each section has its own introduction and each story teller her or his own individual preface. The vignettes in *Fe/Male Trouble* were the most interesting to me I became delightfully lost in the female/male dichotomy; I found comfort, titillation and some bells ringing. Hutton's description says it quite succinctly:

"*Fe/Male Trouble* investigates gender variations through interviews with men and women who slide into 'the opposite sex'. Their stories make puzzles of the seemingly simple pronouns 'he' and 'she'."

"This chapter's gender-benders firmly believe in the boy-girl division. They just find themselves on both sides of it."

Other sections were very interesting—"Sexual Healing," "Sex Talk," "Desire." I didn't find these divisions that compelling. However, the interviews were.

To be sure some of these stories are scary given the teller's clear lack or disregard for safer-sex practices. That is one of the things that makes this collection so real. These stories pulled no punches—safer-sex or otherwise. It is also clear that the compiler is at the same time not promoting unsafe sex, but in the tradition of good old fashioned journalism, reports it—as her collaborators experienced it. And to make abundantly clear that unsafe sex is not being promulgated, there is a very good and up-to-date appendix of safer-sex guidelines written in no nonsense, eighth grade English.

So, what is wrong with this book? It's too short. I would like to see Ms. Hutton carry on her efforts outside the Bay Area. One could argument that the Bay Area has some of the richest sex culture in the U.S. I could make the argument that that statement boarders on chauvinism. We don't know what riches lie hidden in our much maligned middle-America and beyond. I for one would like to know. There just have to be several more volumes of "real stories" from "real people" out here. And who among you would dare say that you don't want more good sex?

Letters Home

by Mary-Lou Brockett

You write to tell me you have become one of "Them." None of us thought of North Carolina as "The South," but when you call your drawl is thick and slow and you say you feel like a secret from yourself.

The first week you were there you saw posters on the buildings warning people that "They" were infiltrating the town and that a meeting would be held to talk about how to fight those with "unnatural sexuality" before they ruined the town and destroyed all morality.

Here in the North, you were always one of "Us." And although we weren't obvious, there were places to go, people we could trust, and the sense that we were safe from bodily harm. You say you have no such sense there. A woman you know was raped because her "sexual preference" was suspect. You don't know if she's gay, bi, or straight. You don't want to.

We are careful of what we send you in the mail. You are cautious about the books you read in public and thankful your roommate moved in with her boyfriend. You have the place to yourself, and that feels safe.

Your mother calls, happy to hear that you get along so well with an engaged man. She suggests you steal him away. Suggests you find a man who's interested in a "real woman" and to forget the men and women you met here at home. You're not really one of "Them." You just fell into the wrong crowd.

She thinks you're safe there under the bright yellow posters warning of "Them." You know there must be a community you can reach, but you're afraid to look, afraid the wrong people will figure it out. Afraid, even, to seek a little counseling, because you don't know who might be keeping a list of "Them."

Some say our sexuality helps define who we are. But in some places, it forces us to deny ourselves—to forget and pretend, and you write wondering if you'll ever feel like yourself again.

You say you know this attitude is everywhere—it's in your own home—but there it seems to be "okay" to hate you for being yourself. At least up North, you say, someone would have taken the posters down. There, they remained for two weeks after the meeting was over.

You didn't go to the meeting—you didn't want to know their plan of attack. You've started filling out applications to Northern schools, and we all hold our breath—waiting for acceptance.

—Mary-Lou Brockett has had poems and stories printed in various magazines including Calliope, Thema, and The Eleventh Muse. She lives in Connecticut with eight animals, including a talking parrot.

Complete

the first kiss

sweet tender wet
alluring me to explore
deep into your mouth
tongues entwined unleashing
deeper passions
our fingers linger over libidinous
secrets
inciting fire in each cell
your finger fondles my hardening
clit
creaming lust into your hand
your fingers thrust deeper
your mouth sucks my clit
sucks my soul
i arch in orgasmic reaction
you kiss me again
the circle is complete

—written by Autumn Courtney

KINKO THE ASEXUAL

by Maureen McDonnell

wears rubber gloves
in the shower
repulsed by the goosebumps
rising on his skin
eats seedless fruit
for breakfast
drops pellets
to his neutered turtle Ivan
who 40-watts himself
on a formica log.

Kinko melts the
genitals from Barbie dolls
dreams of worms splitting
themselves in clay
has a motion detector
bolted above his bed
that cries if anyone
touches him
if he touches himself.

Ivan sees his marbled neck
in the tank glass
moves his head in and out
with excitement.
The orgasmless organism
splashes in his algae pool
to fertilize gravel eggs.

Scoundrel

you are a scoundrel like me
your dark fingers run thru the water moon
reflecting soul, your greasy hair
my hands (genitals?) reach out to toss,
embracing you with this lion within,
this forbidden sun, glaring, blinking.
you beat the drum, you raise the beat
the beat within, the beat, the beast, the beast.
Earth, soil, groans,
groin aches, moon hollow,
milky moon flows, salty.
Friends, frenzied friends, lunatic.
The tide is high; I want the ocean to meet
at our lips, I want to spray
upon you wet; briny, wild.
I am alive! I am the seal. Your sands and motions
follow me, distinctly.
I touch you, I shiver, I touch you, cold fear hits
hot passion. I touch you, I am alive! I am afraid!
I must have you, I need you, I need you,
this must be.
I hesitate and skin does a vortex from birth itself,
conception.
I drop myself, my clothes fall,
and you are in my mouth.
Your hands, what texture; it is rough, and I
will love you forever.
My lips bitter from withholding, my heart
races, skips, teases, gasps.
Will you, will you, can we—
I am the earth, upshooting, trying only so
desperately to reach you, to fuck you, to love you.
I am a geyser of life, I no longer exist
only the world, only the life,
wants us to be, wants us to be, no boundaries.
Can you not tell? Can you not feel it? Can you not know
I cannot stay blinded, this fire from within
must consume you.
The earth calls you; we can firewalk
into each other's souls.
I beg, I pray; my mouth stands open.
Moon pitcher, pour.
There is no energy like this; don't even think
Just do, just jump;
don't fear, don't fear.
Just one more step more, pass thru the veneer.
Let me gobble you, God, God, dissolve,
don't let hesitation bind you from beauty;
burn in passion's summit;
Peak, peak.
The fear you feel, peel it, shed it;
clouds disperse before the moon.
I will rain salt upon you, show you your birth,
your cycles, the cosmos
contained in our genital bucking.
Thrust, thrust, trust.
allow me, allow us, two become one,
earthquake skin trembles,
lightning, cosmos, soul.
breath, we are one, light, we are beauty.

—written by Johann Landau: Sex: Male; Gender: Girl-elf, whore-Boy;
Race: Half-Vulcan, half-Elf; Sun Sign: Scorpio; Order of Birth in Family: First;
Ethnic Ancestry: Celtic, Germanic, Saxon; Relationship Orientation:
Polyamorous, polyfidelitous; Sexual/affectionate Orientation: Bisexual,
panemotional, omnierototic



photo by Jaime Smith

who says...

for now
my attention moves away
from mouth, neck,
shoulders
inner arms, erect nipples
and the heat of your crotch

turn over I say
get on your knees
my hands, fingers, nails
glide down your back
firmly grab your cheeks
lightly scratch skin
my strong tongue slides
over clear soft shield
exploring secret places
banned in Boston

the pleasure is found
just below, just above
just beyond the limit
set years before

the pleasure though
is all mine
to give
and I do
relishing the excitement
of your ass
pushing against my face
primal animal sounds
calling out to me
yes, oh yes
you stroke your cock
I lick your balls
and pull away
just long enough
to lube my glove
you move to meet my hand
inviting entry
inviting possibilities
promising us
as much as we can imagine
I slip easily in
to the warmth

my fingers thrill
to the muscle holding me
on the edge

you play with my desire
to fuck you, to take you
the growing hardness
throbbing inside you
brings me to a tension point
I gasp, biting your ass
you rock
moving out
and pushing in

I want you
I say I want to fuck you
I want to fuck you
with more than my tongue.
my fingers, my hand
I want your legs in the air
my breast in your mouth
my dildo up your ass

turn over I say
pinching your nipples
I take you in my mouth
sliding a condom
down the shaft
lingering to savor
the movement
we play with the power
of our passion
you finger my throbbing clit
slowing just before I cum
you open another condom
breathlessly I watch
you roll the skin
over my dildo
drip and massage lube
with the warmth of your
hand
I am wild, I am in heat
you fill my dripping cunt
with slippery latex fingers
I scream and fall
on all fours
beneath me you smile
we laugh out loud
I find your mouth
so sweet, so sweet we kiss
sucking darting tongues

I want to devour you
I want to fuck you

I put your legs in the air
feet on my shoulders
dildo up your ass
there are no words

there are no words
we are transported
to another place and time
our bodies in tune, playing
like fine instruments
a symphony of sound
we are transformed
by the music
of a language
beyond any label
female/male
it is pure energy
a communion of spirit
shameless and powerful

there are no words
we roar like lions
howl like wolves
trumpet like elephants
building to a crescendo
the grand finale
an epiphany
takes our breath away

crying like babies
we deserve
a standing ovation
but can't get up
our bodies will not be moved
we laugh, we laugh out loud
a tangle of latex, lube,
sweat and saliva
exhausted and exhilarated
who says safer sex
isn't hot
oh baby, who says...

—written by Lani Kaahumanu
9/92

Alba

by Deborah Salazar

We are would-be wives, the both of us.
Nude and smelling like vinyl daisies,
we are lying right in front of the house
you will live in when you're married.
Yes, that is an actual cherry pie
on a yellow place-mat on a picnic table.
A tan young man slides under a new car
with a jingly box of tools. Are you awake?—
you ask me, your voice like the hum
of weed-eaters, hazy as the sound of pesticides
being sprayed over brilliant green lawns.
We are would-be wives, the both of us.
I kiss your shut eyes, two veined shells
among millions in pieces in the driveway.

photo by Jaime Smith



Bi Community & Resources

mixed

Bi Women and Men Open Rap: Sundays, 7:00-8:45 p.m. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

Bi-Friendly of the Peninsula/South Bay: Mondays, 7:30 p.m. Join other bisexual men and women at a Peninsula cafe for dinner and conversation. Call Gerard at 415/493-1415.

Bi-Friendly San Francisco: Mondays 7:30 p.m. Join other bisexual men and women at a SF cafe for dinner and conversation. Call Pierre at 415/753-0687 for info and events calendar.

Bi-Friendly East Bay: 1st & 3rd Tuesdays 7:00 p.m. Join other bisexual men and women at a Berkeley cafe for dinner and conversation. Call Susan 510/524-0574 for info and events calendar.

Side By Side Sonoma: Thursdays 7:00-9:30p.m. Bisexual peer support group. Call Dena or John at 707/523-2036 for info and newsletter.

Free Bi Choice: Political and social events for bi women and men in North Bay. Info: Dena at 707/523-2036, or SASE to FBC, P.O. Box 534, Sebastopol, CA 95473.

Bi's Party Plus: New group forming for bi men and women over 40. Call Maggie at 415/584-0172.

Marin Bisexual Support Group: Meets at the Ministry of Light, 1000 Sir Francis Drake, San Anselmo. Call Kenny: 415/647-3055.

Sci-Fi Bi's: New group forming for Sci-Fi/Fantasy & Trekkie fans. Call Emerson: 415/753-8580.

Jewish Bisexual Caucus: Discussion, support, social. Meets monthly. Call Martha or Jim at 415/337-4566.

Arab Bi/Lesbian/Gay Network: Bi/lesbian/gay people of Arab heritage. Social, political, educational. Write P.O. Box 480526, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Bi Surfing/Boogie Boarding Group: Get wet with this new group forming. Call Judith at 510/528-5331 for info.

Lavender BIG: A political & support network for fat bi's, lesbians, gays & their allies. Part of NAAFA a human rights organization. Send SASE: PO Box 210074, SF, CA 94121-0074.

Society of Janus: Educational and mutual support group for adults interested in SM, BD, Leather. Open to all sexual identities. SASE to PO Box 6794, SF, 94101. Hotline: 510/848-0452.

MotherGonee Productions: Sponsors monthly Jack & Jill Off social gatherings for women, men, bi, gay, lesbian. For info write: PO Box 3212, Berkeley, 94703.

women

Bisexual Women's Support Group Palo Alto: Every other Sunday. Call Susan at 415/493-0406.

Bisexual Women's Group South Bay: Discussion & social group. Call Liz at 415/857-1044.

East Bay Bisexual Feminist Women's Support Group: Call Claire at 510/268-8693.

East Bay Bisexual Feminist Women's Support Group: 2nd and 4th Tuesdays Call Judith at 510/528-5331.

Marin Bisexual Women's Group: Support & social. Meets alternate Wednesdays in Mill Valley. Call Marilena: 415/381-8865 for info.

Bisexual Women's Open Rap: Pacific Center, Wednesdays, 8-9:45pm. 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

Bi Women OVER 50: Where are you? If you don't like the social scene, but want to meet other bi women over 50 for support and fun, call Juliet: 510/763-8508.

Bi Lesbian & Questioning Women 23 yrs & Under: Support Group meeting weekly. Call LYRIC: 415/252-6059.

Arab Lesbian & Bi Women: Bi/lesbian women of Arab heritage. Social, political, educational. Write P.O. Box 460526, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Women's Bisexual Network of Santa Cruz & The Greater Monterey Bay Area: Resource and referral service for bi women. Call 408/427-4556 (voice mail).

bis beyond the bay

International Directory of Bisexual Groups: Comprehensive listing of bi groups all over the world, including the U.S. Updated bi-annually. Send \$5.00 (\$6.50, in U.S. currency, outside of U.S.) to: ECBN, POB 639, Cambridge, MA 02140.

BiNet USA: The Bisexual Network of the United States. Umbrella network of bi groups and individuals. Formerly the North American Multicultural Bisexual Network). Write BiNet, 584 Castro St., #441, SF, CA 94114, or call 510/549-2238.

Unitarian Universalist Bisexual Network: A packet of materials, including a newsletter, of interest to bisexuals from the Unitarian Church is available by sending \$10 to UUBN, POB 10818, Portland, ME 04104.

men

Bisexual Men's Therapy Group: Focus on relationship and communication issues. Call Ron Fox, M.A., MFCC at 415/751-6714. Fee.

Married and Formerly Married Bisexual/Gay Men's Rap: Wednesdays, 8-9:50 pm. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

Men's Resource Hotline: Listing of men's groups & resources dedicated to a positive change in male roles and relationships. Call Gordon at 415/453-2839.

Bisexual Feminist Men's Group: For bi men who want to address feminism in their lives and within the bi community in eclectic ways. Meets monthly. Call Jim 415/337-4566.

MOVE (Men Overcoming Violence): Providing group & individual counseling for men who batter and community education on the issues of sexism, masculinity and male violence. Call 415/626-6683.

Men's Discussion Group: A support/discussion group for men willing to make a commitment to being open to discuss men's issues in a supportive atmosphere. Call: Emerson at 415/753-8580. Men of color are more than encouraged to respond.

transgender

Educational TV Channel (ETVC): Serving the educational, social, support, and recreational needs of (either male or female) transvestites, transsexuals, and all others whose social role differs in any degree from that role considered appropriate for her/his genetic sex. Open, supportive gender group with over 400 members from 23 states and 3 foreign countries. For general or newsletter info write: ETVC, P.O. Box 6486, SF, CA 94101.

Rainbow Gender Association (RGA): Meets the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month in San Jose. For info write: RGA, P.O. Box 700730, San Jose, CA 95170.

San Francisco Gender Information: Non-profit referral organization serving the Bay Area & Northern CA. Call 415/346-0475 for info.

Gender Support Directory: Directory compiled by ETVC listing 168 support groups and 10 computer bulletin boards in 33 states and 10 foreign countries. Send \$2.00 to ETVC, P.O. Box 6486, SF, CA 94101.

of color

B.I. People of Color Caucus: Resource/support/political action/social group building coalitions for a bi community that empowers all people. Call Lani at 415/821-3534.

Gay Asian/Pacific Alliance: Bi/Gay men of Asian and Pacific Island heritage. Call Rafael at 415/864-8272.

Vietnamese Bis/Lesbians/Gays: Support and social events for those of Vietnamese heritage. Bilingual support group. Call Zoon at 415/826-4006.

Asian Pacific Sisters: Bi/ Lesbian women of Asian heritage including Japanese, Hawaiian, Filipino, Chinese, etc. Call Lori at 415/750-3385 for info and events calendar.

CASA (Community Alternative Social Association): Education & support focusing on Gay & Bisexual Latino men and their issues. Bilingual & bicultural services. Call 415/695-0644.

GAPARan: Bi/Gay; Asian/Pacific Islander men's support group. Meets bi-monthly. Call 415/252-1163

Bi Men of Color Group: Support and social. Call Kuwaza at 510/465-9671 for info.

student + youth

University of California BiFriendly: For bi women, men & friends from UC Berkeley and UC San Francisco. Rap, support & social groups. Call Betsy 510/845-2441 or under **Young Women's & Men's Rap** Saturdays 1:30-3:30pm. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley Call 510/841-6224.

Young Bi & Gay Men's Rap Group: Non-therapy group for those under age 23. Call 415/826-2526.

Bi/Les/Gay Alliance: San Francisco State University. Support, events, newsletter. Write LGBA, Room 100A, Student Union Buldg., SFSU, 1600 Holloway, SF, CA 94132

Bi/Les/Gay Alliance: San Jose State University. Social and educational. Call 408/236-2002.

Closet Space: A safe place to hang out, talk, or get answers to questions regarding homelessness, drugs, sex work, sexual identity, etc. for bi, lesbian gay and transgender youth 18 years and under. Mondays, 7pm to 10pm at 18th St. Services, 217 Church St., SF. Call John at 415/626-7000 for details.

We Are Here: A national community resource guide for bi/gay/lesbian youth published by the Gay Youth Community Coalition. Call 415/4297 for info.

Bisexuals, Gays and Lesbians at Davis: Social, educational and support. 433 Russell Blvd., Sacramento, CA 95816.

health

Bisexual/Heterosexual Men's Group: Open to those who have AIDS, ARC or HIV+ result. Meets weekly. Sponsored by SFAIDS Foundation. Free. Call Terry Hanson 415/864-5855.

HIV+ Drop-In Group: For women & men testing positive. Info, education & support. Operation Concern: 415/626-7000. W/C access.

Women & HIV: Passion & Power: Therapy & support group designed for seropositive women, with or w/o symptoms. Fee. Info: 415/431-5778.

Filipino Task Force on AIDS: Support services, education and prevention. Call 415/512-3403.

GAPA HIV Project: Emotional and practical support targeting bi and gay men of Asian/Pacific Islander heritage. Call 415/512-3400.

CURAS: Prevention and education referral services for bi and gay Latino men. Call 415/255-2731.

Living Well With AIDS/ARC: Support group based on Attitudinal Healing Principles. Call 415/621-REST.

Women & HIV Support Group: Thursday nights in Santa Rosa. Call Donna at 707/823-0169.

Women's AIDS Network (WAN): Referral services for women with AIDS/HIV. Call 415/864-4376, ext. 2007.

Third World People With AIDS/ARC: Sponsored by AIDS Project of East Bay. Referral, education, prevention, support. Call 510/420-8181.

Lyon Martin Clinic: Primary health care for and by women, particularly bi and lesbian, in SF. Call 415/565-7667.

The Deaf Gay, Lesbian & Bi Center: A new center serving the needs of deaf & hearing impaired members of the gay community. Call 415/885-2341; (CRS voice: 1-800-735-2922).

Operation Concern: Mental health, substance abuse: individual and group counseling for bis, gay men, lesbians, and gay youth. Call 415/626-7000 for info.

Center For Special Problems: Outpatient mental health; lesbian/gay/bisexual youth. Call 415/558-4801 for info.

information

San Francisco Sex Information: Free information and referral switchboard. A non-profit educational community service for all ages & lifestyles. Mon-Fri 3-9pm. 415/621-7300.

Community United Against Violence (CUAV): Crisis counseling, legal referral for victims of anti-lesbian, -bi, and -gay violence and domestic violence. Call 415/864-3112 for info.

parenting + family

A Different Breed: Social/support group for families with dual, single, or multiple parents who identify outside the mainstream. Call Susan at 510/524-0574.

Expanded Family Network: Supports loving, committed, multi-partner relationships. Discussion group/networking/resource center for all sexual preferences. Monthly potlucks in SF/East Bay/Marin. Info packet: POB 12762, Berkeley, CA 94701, or call 510/844-4276.

PEP: National member network for people seeking polyfidelitous relationships. Focus on group marriage and multiple adult committed relationships. Newsletter includes ads, education and info. Call Ryam at 808/929-9691 (Hawaii).

Quad Society: Bisexual family-oriented educational & recreational group. Write P.O. Box 128, Brea, CA 92622-0128.

Park Hop Doo Wop: social group/extended family for bi, lesbian, gay, and hip hetero parents of children 12 & under. Info: 415/598-9265.

political action

EPOL: The Bay Area Bi/Gay/Lesbian political action group. Meets the 3rd Monday of each month. Info: 415/252-9818, or write 584 Castro #422, SF, CA

Queer Nation Bi Caucus: UBIQUITOUS: (Uppity Bi Queers United In Their Overtly Unconventional Sexuality.) Bi focal group of Queer Nation/SF. Meeting Info: 415/861-7520.

LABIA (Lesbian and Bi Women In Action): Caucus of Queer Nation. Meets every Wednesday, 6pm, 3662 16th Street, SF. Info: 415/861-7520.

Women's Radical Multicultural Bisexual Alliance (WRAMBA): Discussion/political action/social group. W/C Access, signing available upon request. Krista: 415/661-1497.

speakers bureau

Bay Area Bisexual Speakers Bureau: Sponsored by BABN. Bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles and cultures speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. To become a speaker or for info, call Vicki at 415/564-BABN.

recovery

Bisexual AA Meeting: Last Sunday of each month at 347 Dolores St., Room #207, San Francisco. Call Katherine for details at 415/621-7032.

Classified

volunteers

Volunteers Needed! Anything that Moves is staffed by volunteers. We may have volunteer opportunities for you in the following areas:

Computer input & layout
Promotion
Department Editor
Writing articles and reviews
News Editor
Correspondence

It's easy to jump in and a great way to plug into the bi community. Call 415/564-BABN.

Two Volunteer Positions available as Publicity and Media Liasons. If you're good at getting attention, schmoozing, and having your picture taken, put these skills to good use and make a name for yourself while you promote Anything that Moves.

instruction

Dance composition workshops with SF performance artist Anak-K. Explore movement and create dance with personal attention. 415/255-0189.

Vocal women: Wake up your bodies, souls, and voice. Reconnect your spirit to song. Private and group vocal work combining body awareness, imagery and improv to heal through sound. Betsy Rose, 415/525-7082.

Patience and Adventure Musicworks. Concerts, workshops and classes. For info and bookings: Judy Friedman, 415/456-4192.

for sale

STOP! This Is Insulting to Bisexual People stickers. Handy for leaving your message when you happen across bi oppression. 5 for \$1.00.

1 1/4" Bisexual Pride! buttons. \$1.00 each plus .50 handling.

BiPhobia Shield. .75 each or 2 for \$1.00.

Bisexual Pride! T-shirts in black or white. \$12 plus \$2.00 postage and handling. Indicate color and size. Order from BiPol, 584 Castro #422, SF, CA 94114.

1 1/4" Safe Sex Bi All Means button \$1.00 each plus .50 handling. Order from BABN, 2404 California St. #24, SF, CA 94115.

jobs offered

ATM Ad Sales position available. Support the cause and make money at the same time! Payment on a commission basis. Call 415/564-BABN to apply.

SPEAK OUT: Part-time paid positions during Pride celebrations throughout the U.S. staffing Human Rights Campaign Fund booths for their SPEAK OUT program. SPEAK OUT is the grassroots mobilization project for gay/lesbian/bi rights giving queers the opportunity to make their voices heard via mailgrams to Members of Congress. For more info call 1-800-727-HRCF.

publications

Bay Area Progressive Directory & Calendar: The latest listing of progressive groups, organizations and events encompassing environmentalism, human & animal rights, civil rights, political actions, etc. Write: POB 11232, Berkeley, CA 94701-2232 or call 510/848-9862, ext 3.

Love Without Limits. New book! Learn how responsible nonmonogamy can help you create sustainable relationships. Includes listings for nearly 200 valuable resources. All this and bi-positive too! \$18 postpaid to Deborah Anapol, Ph.D., Box 150474 AA, San Rafael, CA, 94915-0474.

Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out. Edited by Loraine Hutchins & Lani Kaahumanu, Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118. Seventy bisexual women & men describe their lives as well as essays by the editors. \$13.00 ppd.

call for entries

Anything That Moves: Issue #6, publication date June, 93, will focus on the Arts and Culture of Bisexuals and Bisexuality. Submissions, especially artwork, photos, graphics and cartoons are needed. To submit or for guidelines: BABN/ATM, 2404 California St., #24, SF, CA 94115.

Bedside Companions: forthcoming anthology of short-fiction by Black gay men, edited by Essex Hemphill, that will examine home, friendship, family—immediate & extended—lovers, "brothers," and the impact life's joys

and sorrows have upon these relationships. Guidelines: send SASE to Essex Hemphill, Anthology 1993, 401 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 700, Santa Monica, CA 90401-1455. Submission deadline: June 1, 93.

Do Anything That Moves you to write and submit fiction, cartoons, science fiction, photographs, personal stories, poetry, etc., for ATM. We especially encourage submissions from bisexuals who are differently abled, people of color, those dealing with HIV issues, and any bisexual who feels particularly invisible or whose voice has been suppressed or censored. Upcoming themes: Issue #6: Arts & Culture; Issue #7: Spirituality; Issue #8: History. Send SASE for submission guidelines to ATM, c/o BABN, 2404 California St #24, SF, CA 94115.

LOGOMOTIVE a magazine of liberation and the best sex you can find in two dimensions. Short fiction, essays, limericks, etch-a-sketch output. I want your stuff

Some ideas about the kind of things I will publish:

- explicit, literate, polysexual short stories that get me off.
- explicit, literate, polysexual short stories that make me laugh.
- explicit, literate, polysexual short stories that cause worry or wonder.
- fantasies I haven't thought of.
- controversial essays and letters.
- strange art.
- cartoons.
- observations of the 'scene' in words and pictures.
- provocative interviews.
- joy.
- freedom.
- courage.
- change.

I hope the idea of submitting your work to my magazine is kind of exciting and scary, something you're not sure you can do, because if it's not dangerous, I don't want it.

Please submit work on Mac disk or double-spaced hard copy to:

Sunah Cherwin
LOGOMOTIVE
P.O. Box 3101
Berkeley, CA 94703

Authors Wanted: The Haworth Gay, Lesbian & Bi Studies should submit a prospectus, along with a current vita to the editor of the book program. Write to John De Cecco, Ph.D., Editor, The Haworth Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Studies, Center for Research and Education in Sexuality, Psychology Bldg. #502, SFSU, SF, CA 94132.

research

Women—Bi, Lesbian, or Questioning:

Wanted for interviewing by Queer woman student about how you came to, or are going about, identifying your sexuality.

Confidentiality guaranteed.

Questioning women particularly encouraged. Call Susanna at 510/848-3512.

Research Study on International Diversity in Sexual/Bisexual Identity, Community, and Politics:

Women and men in the US, UK, Australia, and New Zealand are needed for an anonymous questionnaire. If interested, or for further information, contact Matt LeGrant at 510/530-3381, OR e-mail to: prust@itemail1.hamilton.edu.

bodywork

Safe Relaxing Massage for Women:

Swedish and Shiatsu massage available in my home between the Castro and Noe Valley. Sliding scale, with special rates for students, seniors and unemployed. First session discount and gift certificates available. Member AMTA. Call Cat Lambert at 415/641-4463.

Sacred-Erotic artist/teacher/healer:

Specializing in sexual-healing and sensual touching. Nurturing & TLC that is gentle, sensual, non-sexual. Call Juliet Carr, CMT, LE at 510/763-6960.

placing a class ad

HOW TO PLACE A CLASS AD IN ATM

Rates: \$10.00 for all ads up to 40 words.

.25 each additional word

1.00 each bold word

(headline only, up to 5 words per headline)

10% discount for four issue placement.

Post Office Boxes, abbreviations, initials, phone numbers, and zip codes each count as one word. Hyphenated words count as two. Sorry, no personal ads accepted. All ads must be prepaid.

Ads must be accompanied by your name and phone number in case of problems. SEND COPY AND CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO BABN TO: ATM, 2404 California St #24, SF, CA 94115.

National Men's Resource Calendar

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

This quarterly calendar lists hundreds of events, workshops and services committed to a positive change in male roles and relationships, and over 80 men's publications and 20 book reviews.

Make out a check for \$10 and send to NMRC, P.O. Box 800 ATM, San Anselmo, CA 94979-0800. Send pertinent event information to list FREE of charge in the next issue.



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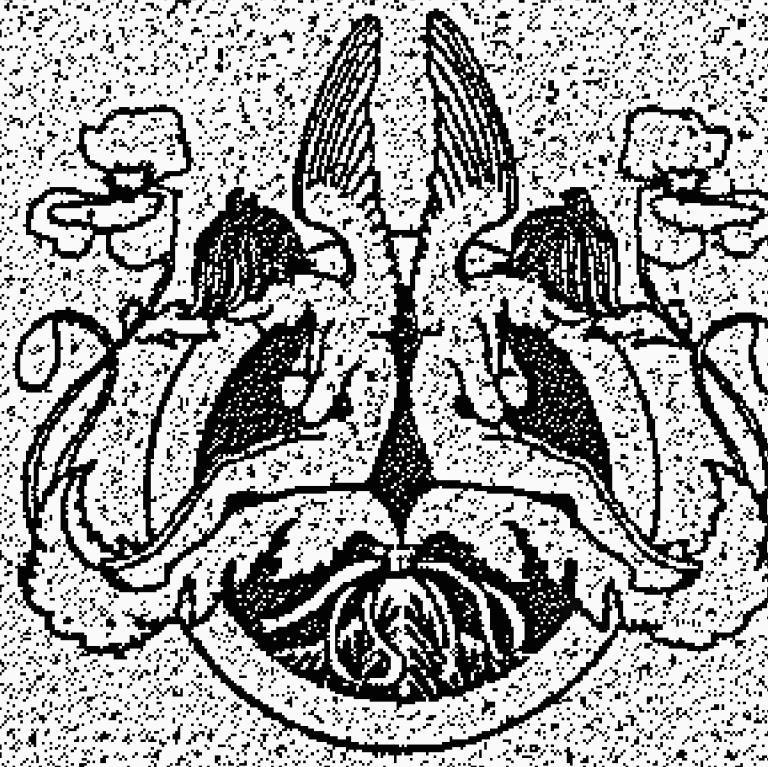
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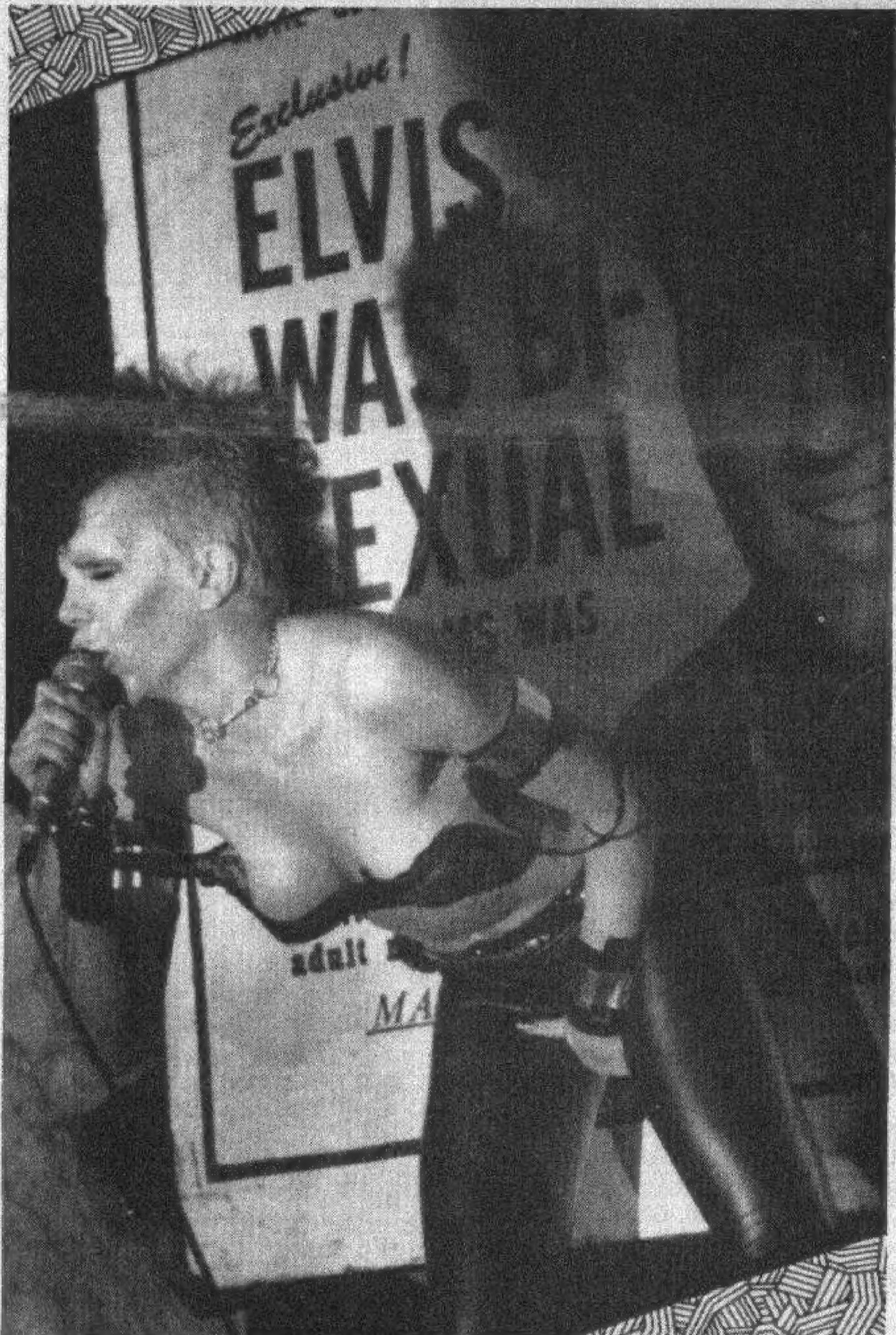


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& WELL,
LIVING IN
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SUBSCRIBES
TO ANYTHING
THAT MOVES
UNDER THE
NAME OF
ALVA
PRESSME—
SHOULDN'T
YOU SUB-
SCRIBE TOO?**



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and automatically become a member of the Bay Area Bisexual Network!

- 4 issues: \$25**
 - 8 issues: \$45**
 - Foreign/Group/Institutions: **4 issues: \$35**
 - Limited Income **4 issues: \$16**
 - Sponsorship, (to help subsidize those unable to pay full rate), includes **4 issues** for you: **\$35**
 - Additional Donation (help keep the dream alive!) **\$ _____**
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Send to BABN, 2404 California Street #24, San Francisco, CA 94115

Please make checks payable to BABN.

Our mailing list is kept strictly confidential. Mailings are discreet & sent bulk mail.

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

CHAPTER ONE
BY:
ROBERTA
GREGORY

Now, THIS would be YOUR room...
The Closets a bit small, but it
DOES have that nice, big window.
I hope that'll be okay...



Now, here's the bathroom... It's got
one of those nice, large old-style
TUBS, but I'm afraid the
STORAGE is a bit limited...



UMM... I KNOW your ad said
"LESBIANS PREFERRED", and I've
MOSTLY been one, but... well...uh...
I've got this GUY who's sort of a
FRIEND, but he's sorta... OKAY...
not like MOST guys.....

...he doesn't HAVE to be
AROUND here if it'd be
a problem.. I just really
need a place to live right
now.. I'M SORRY I didn't
tell you SOONER...

My ad said
"LESBIANS
PREFERRED"
not required
under penalty
of DEATH!



I mostly wanted lesbian roommates so
I could feel more involved with the
gay community... I'm five months into
my first EVER relationship with a
woman after being MARRIED for
twelve years.



You'll HAVE to meet the people
downstairs.. three adults and a
child and I'm not sure WHICH of
the three are.. "WITH" each other,
but they seem like pretty decent
people, really...



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

THE ULTIMATE BISEXUAL T-SHIRT/POSTER/COMEBACK

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN * IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT YOU CAN ONLY THINK IN ONE DIRECTION * WHO SAYS I CAN'T? * I LOVE MEN AS MUCH AS I HATE PATRIARCHY * 100% BISEXUAL, 100% QUEER * HOW LONG CAN I STAY IN THIS PHASE? * EVERYBODY THINKS I'M A LESBIAN * KINSEY 2.1 AND OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS * YOU CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS * FOLLOW YOUR NATURE * I AM OUT, THANK YOU * POLITICAL LESBIANISM -- NOT MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME ON SATURDAY NIGHT * COMPLEXITY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE * AC / DC * YES, I LIKE GIRLS * HE'S THE FEMME * WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU EXIST EITHER * MCKINNON DOES IT * BEWARE: NON MONOGAMOUS BISEXUAL APPROACHING! * I THRIVE ON CONFUSION * NO FATS, FEMMES, BUTCHES OR BI'S -- I WANT HER THIN AND BORING * I'M BISEXUAL AND I'M NOT ATTRACTED TO YOU * KY-KY * IF IT FEELS GOOD, YOU MUST HAVE FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS * BISEXUAL BY LUCK, QUEER BY CHOICE * IF I WANTED A MAN, I'D HAVE ONE * IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU CAN'T PICK A GIRLFRIEND * DWORKIN'S WRONG -- TRUST ME * CROSS BOUNDARIES * KINSEY HAD A LIMITED IMAGINATION * SWITCH-HITTER * I LIKE BOYS, TOO * WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE YOU'RE STRAIGHT? * I RESPECT DYKE-ONLY SPACE * REAL FEMINISTS CLAIM THEIR OWN DESIRE * I'M NOT CONFUSED -- YOU ARE * GET WITH THE 90'S * IF YOU THINK MY ROOM IS A MESS, WAIT TILL YOU SEE MY SEX LIFE * I WAS A LESBIAN ONCE TOO * DID I ASK YOUR OPINION? * I PREFER ANARCHISTS, ACTUALLY * NO, YOU CAN'T WATCH * COMMITMENT IS MY MIDDLE NAME * I'M NOT A LESBIAN, BUT MY BOYFRIEND'S A NONOPERATIVE TRANSSEXUAL * DON'T TELL ME HOW TO FUCK * PC SEX IS AN OXYMORON * IT'S MY REVOLUTION, AND I INTEND TO ENJOY MYSELF * EQUAL OPPORTUNITY LOVER * I DATE MEN OR WOMEN, NOT BOTH AT THE SAME TIME * WE DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER * HASBIAN, SHMASBIAN * AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH A LITTLE PROMISCUITY? * HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO * I JUST DO THIS TO SEDUCE GAY MEN * SCHLAFFLEY'S A WOMAN AND IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HELP * I MADE UP MY MIND A LONG TIME AGO * GET CURIOUS * KINSEY 3.5 AND COUNTING * I LIKE PEOPLE * ASK ME IF I CARE * IF YOU POKE ME, I DON'T MAKE SPORES * YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL * A WOMAN WHO CAN LEAVE YOU FOR A MAN COULD ALSO LEAVE YOU FOR A WOMAN * MMMM... THIS FENCE FEELS GOOD * DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT * MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS TO KNOW WHO HAS MORE STRAIGHT PRIVILEGE * BE CAREFUL, YOU COULD BE NEXT * WE'RE HERE

* * * BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE * BI PRIDE * * *

CREATED BY SUSAN KANE, ANN ARBOR

"Anything That Moves." *Anything That Moves*, no. 5, 1993. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/ZRBCNR426664829/AHSI?u=wash_main&sid=AHSI&xid=ced0196e. Accessed 21 Aug. 2020.